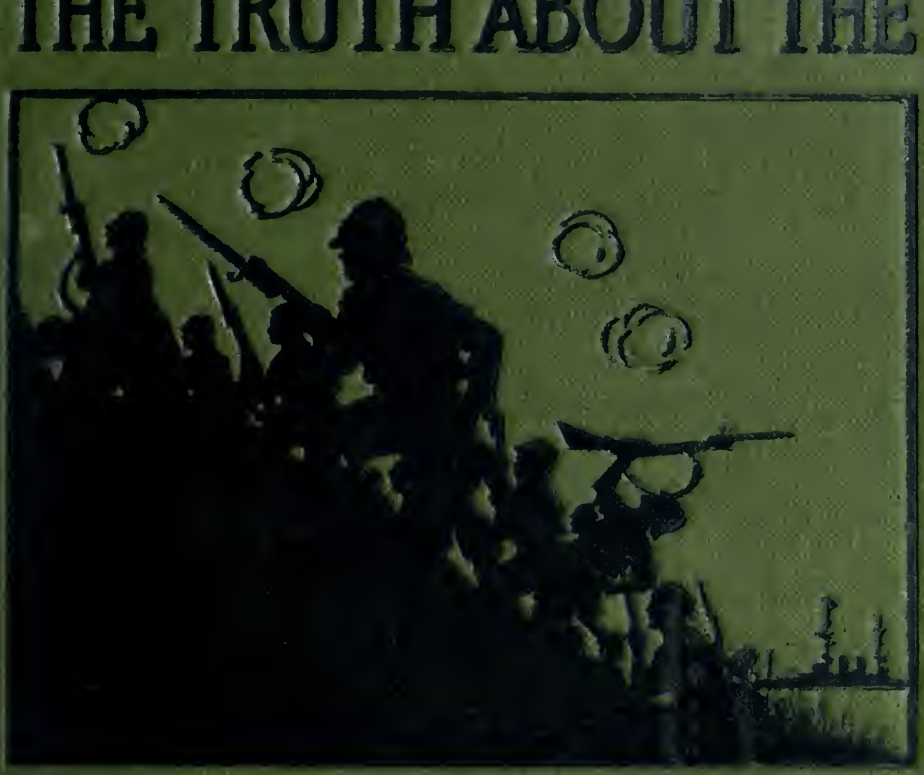
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE



DARDANELLES

Sydney A. Moseley

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DARDANELLES

The Truth About the Dardanelles

BY

SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

Official Correspondent with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces

WITH A MAP

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To

JOHN GENNINGS, Esq.
Managing Editor of the Central News

and

WILFRED KING, Esq.
Managing Director of the Exchange Telegraph Co.

I dedicate this book
in acknowledgment of their unfailing
support and appreciation
of my work

AUTHOR'S NOTE

It has taken me just five months longer than I expected to finish this book. This was due to two reasons. First, because I wished to verify through the most competent channels the statements I had made, and, second, because I determined to collect all the new evidence available. I therefore had to wait till some of the chief actors had returned from the scene of their gallant struggles.

My patience has been rewarded, I believe, for I have been able to obtain facts which, so far, have not been made public. These I have duly incorporated in the following pages. Let me say, however, that my whole aim has been to be the mouthpiece of what is quite broadly and generally known as "the Army," to which I have had special means of access owing to my position as an officially accredited war correspondent.

Perhaps there is an additional reason why the delay in the publication of this book should make it acceptable to those to whom I appeal. The public, ere this, has had time to get over the very trying period which followed the disappointment of Suvla, and will now be able to examine the evidence of the most glorious failure in history more dispassionately and from a better perspective. Any judgment that may have already been passed must of necessity have been hasty and immature. I hope, therefore, that the evidence I have to offer first hand, or from authentic sources, will enable the unprejudiced student of the most fascinating, the most thrilling phase of the war hitherto to reach a fair and conclusive judgment.

I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. W. L. Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and the editors of the *Contemporary Review* for permission to incorporate in this volume part of my contributions which appeared originally in their respective publications.

Sydney A. Moseley.

London, 1916.

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BOOK I

PENINSULA INCIDENTS

The Truth About the Dardanelles

CHAPTER I

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT

SINCE one of the war correspondents at the Western front has described as "comfortable and even luxurious" the conditions under which he worked, I may be permitted, first of all, to draw a contrast between his experience and my own. He and his colleagues evidently lived in a fashionable hotel which they made their headquarters, "going out to the front in the morning and returning to the hotel at night." In fact, "'going out to the front' became as commonplace a proceeding as for a business man to take the morning train to the City."

It must have been a novel experience, indeed, to leave a large and fashionable French hotel after breakfast, take a run of twenty or thirty miles over stone-paved roads in a power-

ful and comfortable car, witness a battle, and get back to the hotel in time to dress for dinner, "where men and women in evening dress were dining by the light of pink-shaded candles, or in the marble-paved palm court sipping coffee and liqueurs to the sound of water splashing gently in a fountain."

I envy him his experiences. Mine were not quite the same. As soon as we landed at Imbros we were definitely cut off from all immediate communication with the civilised world. I shall never forget the first evening of our arrival at the Greek island. We had been conveyed from Messina to our destination by an excellent little boat, the *Ceylon*, which, however, was on her last voyage. The captain had not expected us, but with the courtesy which is unfailing among naval men he did us well, although the only available sleeping accommodation was the deck! We reached Imbros at sunset in company with Colonel Burn, M.P., a King's Messenger, whose help was invaluable in passing French, Italian and Greek territory.

Getting ashore at Imbros, however, proved the most difficult task of all. Again and again we signalled for a boat to come and take the "King's Messenger with important dispatches"

ashore. But we were to get a full foretaste of the erratic boat services between the beaches and the boats.

Our messages remained unanswered. Finally the launch from a battleship came to the rescue, and we got ashore in complete darkness. . . . But our troubles were by no means ended. There was no accommodation for us. It seems that we had arrived a week sooner than we were expected. We were invited to dine, however, with the Headquarters Staff. . . .

* * * * *

It was a weird scene at Headquarters Mess. The long table was dimly lit by a candle at each end, which flicked eerie shadows upon the darkened tent. The men all seemed worn out, for an important engagement had just been fought, and although the amount of records and clerical work to be done was very considerable, we found out afterwards that the numbers of the G.H.Q. were proportionately much smaller than in France. . . . That meal was my introduction to the curious fare which was obtainable only under difficult circumstances. It was, after all, the best the men could get to eat for themselves, and no one has a right to grumble when hospitality offers the visitor the full run of his teeth, especially as

this banquet turned out to be Gargantuan in comparison with the fare we were to receive for the next few days.

Soon we had to grope our way back to the Admiral's launch, which was awaiting orders, and once more we had to impose upon the hospitality of the *Ceylon's* captain.

Next morning we got to our headquarters at last. . . . It was on the opposite beach from General Headquarters. While it was by far the coolest spot on the island, it was nevertheless considerably inconvenient, for it was difficult to keep in touch with Headquarters. A reason why Headquarters did not object, and indeed wished the war correspondents' camp to remain at that distance, was proffered me, but I prefer not to make it public. . . . Our "luxurious and fashionable hotel" was fixed up by the afternoon. As many stones as possible were removed, so that by the time night came there were only a few left under my bed, on the ground! But the flies and other insects did their worst, and we had no coffee or liqueurs to sip under pink-shaded candles. Thank Heaven, however, we didn't have to dress for dinner.

* * * * *

The General very thoughtfully sent for us the same day, providing horses. It was the sole occasion I reached General Headquarters in comfort. The ferry-boats were quite unreliable and the Greek mules were impossible. It only remained for us to walk in the swamp and soft sand—an agonising journey in the awful heat.

Going out to the front was not accomplished "over stone-paved roads in a powerful and comfortable car." It had to be done by getting up very early and catching one of the now famous trawlers. You took what emergency rations you could get, and, once having reached the front, you had to stay there under shell-fire till there was a boat good enough to come and take you away again.

There was no means of purchasing food anywhere. Even at Imbros, where the Greeks opened little shanties, one could obtain little food and no drink. To go over to General Headquarters, even, meant starving all day! I have sat time after time at the little pier on the G.H.Q. beach waiting for a boat which never came, not having eaten a morsel of food all day. And when eventually we got across, it meant a long walk before camp was reached.

The conditions of war correspondents at the Dardanelles were, in fact, trying in the extreme, and long before our stores arrived from Malta had left their mark on me.

Of the three official war correspondents who were appointed together and left London on July 3rd, one was wounded and the other two invalided home.

CHAPTER II

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

THERE are some personal aspects of the campaign which I should very much like to dwell upon. The time, however, is not yet ripe for these reflections; but they shall be published when other occasion arises. The relevance of this remark with the subject matter of this chapter will be better appreciated then. For the moment I can only say that the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ian Hamilton, is in himself the most accessible of men, but that conditions existed which made him actually remote to the dwellers in the Press Camp, two miles distant from his Headquarters. Still, on one or two occasions, I did succeed in getting into such touch that I was enabled to gain some insight into the character of the man who was responsible for the fortunes of this difficult enterprise.

The Commander-in-Chief lived in the tiniest tent at General Headquarters—a 60lb. Indian affair. There was no room for two people

inside, and these interviews took place in a microscopic wooden hut, just like a child's first effort at a house of cards, which had been built for an office. It was, I might remark, the only British building at that time on the island.

I confess that meeting Sir Ian under these exceptional circumstances gave me quite a new impression of him. I had met him before in Egypt, but at a public function and at the hotel in Cairo where we both happened to be staying. Then he had donned the garb and air of a civilian. He did not seem to answer to the popular picture of "a fiery warrior" which had been painted of him during his triumphs of the South African War. It wanted a stretch of the imagination to conceive him other than a quiet country gentleman—hunting, yes, but never capable of the extreme daring which won for him everlasting fame. But now, on the lonely island of Imbros, within watching distance of the Fleet's operations, just over the way to the scene of the most memorable encounter, Sir Ian once more fitted in with the description of him—which recalled the splendid fighting prowess of his earlier days.

Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton was born at Corfu in 1853. His father, Colonel Christian Monteith Hamilton, commanded the 92nd

Highlanders. A Colonel Hamilton was an aide-de-camp of the first Duke of Marlborough, and, curiously enough, in the South African War Sir Ian found a Duke of Marlborough serving in a similar capacity on his Staff. He began his real soldiering in the Gordon Highlanders during the Afghan Campaign. The Boer War of 1881 found him still a subaltern. His distinguished conduct in that campaign and the second and last war are still too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulating. But as one speaks to him to-day and notes the protruding wrist-bone, it is impossible not to recall the wonderful bravery he exhibited at Majuba. In his book, "Ian Hamilton's March," Winston Churchill tells of the pluck and resourcefulness of the young officer. Three times he had dashed into the open, which was swept by fire, to warn the General, and when the last chance presented itself young Hamilton rushed up to the General in the impetuosity of youth: "I hope you'll forgive my presumption, sir, but will you let the Gordon Highlanders charge with the bayonet?" he said. . . . "Hamilton saw a figure scarcely ten yards away aiming at him, raised the rifle he found himself somehow possessed of to reply. Both fired simultaneously. The British officer went down with

his wrist smashed to pieces. He rose again . . . his tunic cut by one bullet, his knee by another, and finally a splinter of rock striking him behind the head brought him down half-stunned to the ground." Two Boers found him. The younger, being much excited, would have shot him. The elder restrained him but wanted Hamilton's sword — the sword that had belonged to his father. He replied by offering them money instead. It would have been a bad day for the gallant young soldier had not Joubert arrived. "The Boers picked out the surrendered prisoners. They looked at Hamilton. He was covered with blood from head to foot. They said: 'You will probably die. You may go.' So he went, staggered and crawled back to camp, arrived there delirious the next morning." Nowadays the famous soldier makes light of his "glorious deformity," and I confess that it was only at our second meeting that I noticed it at all.

Sir Ian is tall, spare and feverishly energetic. With his keen eyes he reads you like a book. His summing-up of you is final; there is no appeal. As he talks he paces the ground and reflects. He is a born commander, of independent judgment, a great breadth of vision — a charming personality.

I remember well a little homily given me at this second meeting. It was punctuated with several quaint images, most of which I fear I have forgotten: he welcomed me; he trusted me; and he wished more power to my pen. He held a profound belief that in a democracy like ours it was impossible to keep up full steam behind the engines of enterprise unless the fires of popular sentiment could be kept ablaze by a steady current of fresh air from the front. Had his own cables been published as they came, the sporting instinct of the British public would have seen to it that he got something more than a flea-bite out of the heaps of men and piles of shell pouring into France. But the mangled paraphrases which had struggled out to the Press were no stimulus to the near relations of those fighting on the Peninsula, let alone to the people of England as a whole. Therefore he must look to us war correspondents to spread far and wide the fame of the unquenchable ardour of the troops and to do what we could under the rules to counteract a lop-sided secrecy, stupefying to our own folk, leaving full enlightenment to the enemy.

Against precedents in France and against the advice of some of his most trusted advisers, he had therefore issued orders that no restric-

tions whatever should be placed upon our movements. We were free to go anywhere, see anything, speak to anyone, write anything, and, if truthful, our articles would be passed, provided always it was not cowardly stuff, not stuff calculated to encourage enemies or depress friends.

We had a gloriously difficult undertaking before us, and there was no fear but that the courage or resolution of the troops would rise superior to it. Against such a rotten organisation as the Turkish Empire the United Kingdom, supported by Australia and New Zealand, was bound to win in the long run. In grit and energy we were the masters of the Turks, although where Constantinople was in question they could certainly display a sort of long-suffering obstinacy. This was supposing all went well with our enemy. But we must not gauge Turkey by English measurements. Added to this certainty of ultimate victory, even against a united and well-run Ottoman Empire, there was always the chance of a sudden, unexpected collapse. In the midst of the most desperate anxieties about water, submarines, sickness, lack of munitions, the soldiers (and why not also the Press?) would be thoroughly justified always in adopting the

Micawber attitude of hoping something might turn up. At any moment a pistol-shot might revolutionise the conditions at Constantinople and give us all we wanted. The one needful thing was to keep up the pressure on the Turks and never say die. Our only danger lay in an ill-informed nation behind us. If we war correspondents could help against French prejudice and British ignorance, then we would be doing our bit towards getting the Fleet right through the Narrows.

* * * * *

I have reproduced Sir Ian's very significant remarks, as far as my memory serves me, verbatim. They reveal a healthy acknowledgment of the influence of the Press and a hopeful official attitude which might well find an echo in more prejudiced quarters. I have to point out, however, that the Commander-in-Chief's principles were not always correctly interpreted by his subordinates—some of whom acted as stodgy editors as well as inconsistent censors. The more one reviews the events of the Gallipoli campaign the more one returns to the belief that Sir Ian Hamilton was very unfortunate in some of the influential understrappers who were sent out to help him, and only succeeded in hindering and thwarting him.

CHAPTER III

FROM MY DARDANELLES DIARY

[NOTE.—These notes from my diary and dispatches were, for the most part, written under shell fire. They are not given for literary effect; only as actual happenings on the spot.]

1

A TERRITORIALS' DAY

On Gallipoli Peninsula.

IN some sense I suppose we of the Fourth Estate here assembled at the Dardanelles should consider ourselves more fortunate than our brethren on the Western front. Heat we have, hunger and flies, but here at least we are not regarded as dangerous interlopers, and are as free as the wind to go where and when we list. No passes; no "with your leave" or "by your leave"; no restrictions in getting ourselves shot if we care for it; only those difficulties of intercommunication common to all ranks of the force. So it is that owing to these cursed facilities afforded us by Sir Ian Hamilton I am now cowering in a trench, anathematising

myself for a venturesome fool every time a bullet hums over my head.

A big battle, in a terrific sandstorm, was in progress when I arrived; the whirling sand completely blotted out the landscape, and the wind drowned the sound of heavy guns only a hundred yards away.

Then the storm abated, and a wonderful picture was revealed as Krithia and Achi Baba sprang up. I could plainly see the terrible effect of our incessant bombardment. Krithia, for the hundredth time, burst into flames, the pillars of thick black smoke plainly showing the havoc wrought by the splendid French 75's.

This was the preliminary to an important action which was to be a sequel to the battle a fortnight ago, when the Turkish right was well pressed back south of Krithia. The object of to-day's important engagement is to capture the remaining trenches of the Turkish first line of defence just south of Krithia—from Kereves Dere by the sea along a front extending just over a mile to the Sedd-el-Bahr—Krithia road. The attack was to be made by the 52nd (Lowland) Division and our French Allies on the right. The bombardment continued till half-past seven in the morning. Then came a

dramatic change. At the signal the Scottish Territorials with triumphant cheers sprang up like one man and, simultaneously with the French Corps, charged the labyrinth of Turkish trenches before them, bayoneting all who offered resistance. The first line was easily carried; then the next. The Scots, jubilant at their initial success, stormed a further trench, and, in fact, were ready to storm Achi Baba itself. I afterwards asked one of these gallant lads why they went on. "Oh," was the reply, "we thought we might just as well finish the whole job at once." This impetuosity, however, proved costly, for they advanced far enough up the hill to come under the French artillery fire.

Consequently they had to retire and settle down in the second line of enemy trenches, which they had captured with comparatively few losses.

The 155th and 157th Brigades each did exceedingly good work. Three battalions of the Royal Naval Division also rendered good service—the Nelson Battalion making good their advance. Curiously enough the Portsmouth Battalion met with heavy losses for exactly the same reason and at the same spot as did the 4th King's Own Scottish Borderers,

they, too, having done more than was required of them.

Headquarters, however, are much pleased with the splendid success. This, indeed, was a "Territorials' Day," on which they were successful everywhere. A broad and comprehensive scheme of operations was carried out to completion without an exception. Our losses were proportionate to the success gained, but cannot be regarded as unduly high.

The First Division of the French Corps aroused general admiration by their fine élan. They carried the whole line of trenches along the lower part of Kereves Dere, while our men, with another French Corps, held on to the two lines of trenches they had captured.

The truth regarding the Dardanelles to-day is that the general situation is developing as rapidly and as well as might be expected. While the barriers before us are not insuperable, they have to be won through. There can be no question of "walking to Constantinople." A tendency to minimise or to over-emphasise the position can be checked by a comparison with the position in Flanders. Working under extremely trying conditions, our men achieve wonders, but it must all take time.

The Truth About the Dardanelles

2

SHELLING ACHI BABA

At the Dardanelles.

LAST night the Turks made a feeble night attack upon the French, who just sat tight and repulsed the enemy with appreciable losses. The Turks made another effort to make good four hours later—at two in the morning—but were again driven back. These attacks by the enemy are simply useless, and the Turk appears to be realising this now, for although his defence is as stubborn and tenacious as ever, he attacks in a totally different spirit of late. He never gets near our men.

The rumour, therefore, that Enver Pasha was to utilise a hundred thousand "unused troops" to drive the British off the Peninsula occasioned much joy to everybody in the British lines. All were ready and eager, and I went to watch the fray at Anzac, where our waiting Colonials are straining at the leash. However, beyond the early morning's hate, nothing of vital importance happened. I had the opportunity of searching the coast from Cape Helles to Anzac, and was surprised to notice the proximity of the Australians and the Turks. A gully alone divides them. We crossed on

H.M.T. ——, and were soon in the danger zone, with clouds of shrapnel rising above our heads.

It was fascinating to watch these shrapnel clouds. You are looking into a clear sky, when suddenly and noiselessly a fleecy cloud slips stealthily from the heavens. It remains perfectly stationary, and even as you watch it more and more such clouds appear in the sky in the same mysterious manner.

Achi Baba seemed flatter than ever to-day and easier of conquest. I watched the formidable French battleship —— potting at her. With two destroyers dancing round her, she sought the range of the peak, and found it to a nicety with her first shot. It was thrilling to watch her. Her gunnery was really magnificent. Every shot, terrific and awe-inspiring, found the bull, causing a dense cloud of smoke to rise on the summit of the peak till it resembled a volcano in eruption. Sometimes two shots would follow one another in rapid succession, and you saw the flash and waited for the report, which, curiously enough, was simultaneous with the eruption of smoke from the target some thousands of yards away.

Soon, when you had begun to wonder whether anything could live in the vicinity of

such a bombardment, our land batteries joined in, their shots dancing around the greater shells of their French ally. Finally, the famous "soixante-quinze" swelled the chorus, until Achi Baba was completely hidden by the smoke and fumes. Then, behold, she began to reply to our land batteries! We continued to search for excitement towards Anzac. What appeared very imposing from the sea was the big plateau of Kilid Bahr. That is to be our task when Achi Baba has fallen.

There is no doubt that even modern war furnishes a few thrills, and we had one—slight enough but pathetic—when, upon reaching our destination, one of the shots which were peppering around us found a home in a young Australian who was just about to go on leave after a lengthy sojourn in the trenches. He was not grievously hurt, poor chap, but it was sufficient to take him into hospital instead of to a rest camp.

"Asiatic Annie" did not greet us to-day. At Anzac also the guns that used to trouble us most have been silenced of late, but this may only be due to a desire to economise.

Around the Dardanelles is an imposing array of our fighting ships that swells the heart of a Britisher. Let the German boast as he may of

his submarines in these waters, the fact remains that our ships are here and are doing their daily work despite lurking dangers. They do not, of course, out of a spirit of bravado present unnecessary targets to the enemy, but they do all that is expected of them, and even if they had suffered heavier losses than they actually have, we ought not to grumble.

On our way back we picked up a regiment of Sikhs and a battalion of Ghurkas. The picture of these—the one temperamental and thoughtful, the other lithe and alert, with smiling British officers—was a fitting climax to the inspiriting panorama of the Empire's united strength which we had witnessed to-day.

3

AN INVISIBLE WAR

This is an invisible war. I am sitting on what is regarded as the highest observation post among the scenes of the operations, and I can see nothing of war; and yet I am aware that men and guns galore are under my very eyes, but the men are hidden in deep trenches, for they take shelter amid a scene of incomparable grandeur, hiding themselves in shame of their iconoclastic intent. Those who war should

choose less soul-inspiring ground, and take their hell with them to the slums and alleys. Hills and dales, sand and moss, and the blue sea everywhere; all the wealth of Nature combining in strong contrast to the scenes of desolation and despair a mile or two away. Here and there British war vessels dot the horizon, but so influential are the natural surroundings that you come to regard them as the motley of peaceful craft one sees at the seaside.

But now the song of the sea is interrupted by an angry roar. For a moment you become fearful; then you look up at the smiling sun and you are reassured. It is nothing. Merely a thunderstorm. It will soon pass. But the thunder increases in wrath, and the sun grows fierce. There is a pause, during which the refrain of the sea is heard again, and then the terrible bursts of thunderbolts are renewed with such vehemence that the very air seems to recede in fear. Double, treble reports; before the echo of one explosion has had time to pass, another and another has followed. Then you realise that it is war, and that another stage in the battle for Achi Baba is approaching a climax. For half an hour an intense cannonade tells the enemy plainly what to expect. Our invisible men in the trenches, teeth set and

rifles clasped, are waiting for the inevitable sequel. After what seems to them to be an interminable time, it comes, and with a loud cheer a long line of men in khaki leap up and charge a black gap several yards in front of them. They reach their objective, and in a trice they disappear again. From one hole they have simply gone to another. They have captured a trench, an officer tells you. The guns lengthen their range, and the Turkish supports are held. Then number two trench is won in the same methodical manner, but all the time you haven't seen a single Turk.

* * * * *

This general survey of the situation can tell you nothing. You must go among the men in the different camps on the Peninsula to realise what is being done. The privilege of going where I like enables me to appreciate to the fullest extent the excellent work that is being done, the hardships of the campaign, and its difficulties. There is no such luxury as resting at the Base. Our welcome upon stepping ashore was a six-inch shell from "Asiatic Annie." This mark of hospitality was repeated at no infrequent intervals. After a lengthy sojourn in the trenches, the men retire to the rear for a change from rifle-fire to shell-fire.

From Achi Baba, as well as from various points on the Asiatic coast, guns of all calibres make practice on us. The second shell awakened a feeling of fear in the Greek workmen, who then retired; but in twenty minutes they had all returned, and after ten minutes' work had completely forgotten the existence of "Quick Dick" or "Annie from Asia." These Turkish guns invariably have a pot at the British ships that enter or leave the harbour, but the time-table of these vessels which ply between beach and beach remained as regular as the trains at Victoria or London Bridge.

* * * * *

In truth the British soldier at the Dardanelles is achieving wonders in point of patience, endurance and organisation. His cheerfulness in the broiling sun and the stench in the trenches should make the pessimist pause before he despairs of our efforts here. Naval co-operation continues. Not a day passes but one of the ships effectively joins in with the attacking land forces, and they are doing excellent work. Yesterday it was a ship smashing up the village of Erenquei, on the Asiatic side; to-day it was a cruiser cutting up some guns north-west of Krithia. Such co-operations, needless to add, are of considerable help to the

land forces. It is essentially a land campaign now, but the Fleet is ready for any emergency. To you in England the military operations may seem to progress slowly. It is only after you land on the Peninsula, and take stock of things, that you realise how much has been accomplished in a short space of time.

* * * * *

A vast network of depots, replete with all the resources of an extensive campaign, has sprung up in the night. Ammunition centres, telephone exchanges, streets of houses, stables, water-tanks, underground studies, piers made by ingenious sappers from bags of sand, breakwaters simply but effectively devised by sinking steamers, ten thousand different offices, each with a specific assignment—in all a vast military and naval city built up while we were fighting our way onwards. Even the precipitous cliffs on the landing-stage which have made the name of the Australian regiments famous for ever failed to arouse the wonderment of the newcomer as did this great network of organisation.

The effectiveness of such a base must react with advantage upon those at the front. The modern tedious trench warfare can be made fatally unpleasant for the men if such organisation is defective in any way. From the state

of the men I saw and the conditions of the trenches, it is evident that we are giving the Turks no advantage on this point. It occurred to me, nevertheless, whether the snows in Flanders were not preferable to the sun at the Dardanelles; whether, in fact, frost-bite was not a minor ill in comparison with sunstroke. So enervating is the heat, so prostrating the glare, that one feels almost knocked out before the fighting begins. That is how it seemed to me, who had known the trials of tropical summers in other parts. . . . I watched a batch of Turkish prisoners come in after the successful battle of the 12th-13th. One and all looked downcast and dejected. They had the appearance of men who had suffered much. From what I had seen of the Turkish soldier in Constantinople, this is a hopeful sign. In the recent fighting the enemy's lines were subjected to incessant bombardment by land and sea. If we can press our advantage home now, our final success is assured.

4

TWO GREAT HARDSHIPS

THERE are two great hardships in this war so far as we are concerned, and they are neither

shells nor water. Of both these we have abundance—the first creates little inconvenience, while the second, as yet, is of very good quality. This, be it mentioned, excludes Anzac, where the water question is always one of desperate anxiety. The two hardships from which our men suffer most are the heat and the flies. Never were plagues more harassing to soldiers. There are protections against severe cold weather by fire and clothing. But nothing prevails against the intense heat. All the ingenious ideas of the original "Tommy" fail against this terrible weapon of Nature. The tents of the rest camp—where men from the trenches opposite gain an occasional respite —are fearfully hot.

Over here the men, conscious of complete freedom from convention, divest themselves as much as possible from cumbersome clothing and bask and bake in the sun. The consequence is highly diverting. Many of our men are so black, face and body, as to resemble the Turks. Others appear to be of a mixed breed, half black, half white, according to the amount of clothes divested. A protesting Frenchman, brought into camp by an enterprising Tommy who was above distinguishing between vernaculars, had no little difficulty in proving that

coal tar is not the monopoly of the Turk, or that the only foreign tongue is Turkish.

The more tormenting and dangerous of the two evils is the fly. Some of us came here fully prepared against the mosquito, only to find there is no trace of him. But the fly abounds in millions. From dawn to sunset he comes to torment your life. He swoops down in brigades upon your meals till he altogether obliterates your plate. You make an effort to proceed with your meal by eating with one hand and driving the hordes away with the other. But the wretched fly is adamant. My servant spilt some tea over me, and immediately I was covered with these pests. They completely predominate. How the men manage to remain of good temper I fail to understand, for already my nerves are completely at their mercy.

They came to-day to my table at lunch when I was hungry and thirsty after many hours in the sun. But they would not let me proceed with my meal. Finally, I gave over my dishes and moved away with some light beer. The dishes were soon one living mass of flies. But the rest followed me to take my beer.

In the firing line, where the dead and dying cannot be brought in till night, the sky is black with these winged nuisances.

Nothing Doing

5

NOTHING DOING

July 20th.—War is a terribly monotonous affair. Especially when there is a lull as there has been here in the last few days. This is due to the lack of ammunition, which in the opinion of many officers has become a serious matter. Only Headquarters are occupied in thinking out plans and developing them. The rank and file must wait, going through a tedious routine every day. And so we gyrate—eat, drink and sleep, praying that the morrow shall bring forth some little excitement. There were rumours yesterday that the Turks were preparing to deliver a vigorous attack, and it gladdened our hearts. These attacks, or counter-attacks, of the enemy have invariably left him sadder and wiser.

But he takes a long time to learn completely that his forte is defence and defiance in hiding, and that to show himself at all is to court sure disaster.

Our preparations for the general advance are not yet complete. We go slowly, but surely. Conscious of the need to make this next movement final and overwhelming, we are leaving nothing to chance. When we move forward it

will be with the secure feeling that our progress will be permanent and definite.

July 28th.—In the interval of any actual happening of importance, it is only possible to generalise upon the situation. It must be remembered that although no fighting has taken place since the engagements of July 12th-13th we have not stood still, but have developed our plans with a thoroughness that leaves nothing to chance. At the moment of writing we are continuing these preparations for the forcing of the Dardanelles, of the ultimate success of which one begins to feel very sanguine. We shall go to Constantinople at all costs, and writing from the actual scene of operations, and knowing the care with which preparations are being made, I venture to say that although the undertaking is tremendous, and the minimum price high, the success we shall achieve will be worth it.

It is these sentiments which inspire our troops with an enthusiasm that amazes newcomers. There has been renewed naval activity, and the shelling of the monitors has been extremely effective. After a silence of a few days, however, the guns from the Asiatic side have spoken again. The Colonial troops, too, have been energetically shelled, and are taking reprisals.

A New Month and a New Epoch

All day there has been a heavy artillery duel on the Peninsula.

Gallipoli, August.

We open a new month and a new epoch. There is a certain liveliness in the air which sets the blood a-tingling in expectation.

At Anzac, as everywhere indeed, it has caught on, and the Australians and the New Zealanders are straining at the leash. Ask them what has caused this sudden prancing, and they tell you to look at the stars and read their portents.

I spent a night in a trench which is separated by about twenty yards from the Turks. It was, I was afterwards told, the safest spot on the Peninsula. Sapping and bombing acted as seconds to the chorus of rifle-fire; and we have established a complete mastery over the fire of the enemy, so much so that the Turks find it safest to use their trench only at night.

One sap had actually penetrated to their trench, and half-way one of our men was stationed in case of accidents, which were rare. Our trench was bomb-proof, and our specialised

periscope rifles scarcely necessitated showing even the top of your hair.

Danger here, indeed, was at the minimum. It was on the beach that stray shells and rifle bullets caught the unwary. Yet, even so, it was a rare occurrence for a shell to find a live target. The fact gives one furiously to think whether the big expenditure in large ammunition is really worth it. This as a general and not a particular instance.

I was on board a ship which suddenly received orders to bombard a Turkish village. We felt the range with a six-pounder, and the signal came—"200 yards short." Another shot brought the reply—"100 to the right," while the third flashed "80 over."

"Good enough," said the commander, and we gave six rounds rapid, causing a big explosion. Our gunnery undoubtedly has been of a high order, but to find the range at, say, a distance of 20,000 yards requires a precision which even modern science fails to give with certainty.

There is a story of a New Zealander which should go down to posterity. As an example of sterling pluck it is without precedent. Unfortunately, as in so many other instances, the name of the gallant Colonial cannot be

ascertained. All inquiries have so far failed to produce even the name of his regiment.

The story was told me by the Chief Scout of the New Zealanders, who witnessed the affair. It seems that in the advance one of the men found himself cut off on a high promontory. The Turks were advancing in full force upon him, and the only hope left was for him to surrender.

His isolated position, it soon became clear, was due to his having been wounded and overlooked. The strength of the advancing enemy was unknown to us, and the Chief Scout was at his wits' end how to find the required information.

Judge of his astonishment when the wounded man, perched on his excellent point of vantage, began signalling a message. He had not progressed very far when the Turks opened fire upon him. He fell for a moment, but rose again and resumed his message.

Again he was shot down, but he was game. He continued to give information until six shots had found their mark on him. The last shot disabled one arm, yet the dying man raised himself and waved the completion of his message before he fell back dead.

"There have been hundreds of instances of

wonderful pluck," the Chief Scout added, "but I believe that caps them all."

A curious object on the Anzac beach is a goat, which has learned to appreciate the value of a dug-out. At the sound of an approaching shell, the proximity of which he seems to gauge by instinct, he makes a dash for a particular dug-out which he has appropriated by habit.

Some of the men, having learned the weakness of the goat, have taken to imitating the screech of an oncoming shell, thus giving the goat many an unhappy moment. After the apparent danger has passed the goat peers out of his dug-out in the direction from which the shells come, and only leaves the dug-out when satisfied that all danger is past.

7

SNIPING AND SNIPERS

THERE has surely never been a campaign where the sniper has reaped such a harvest. Speak to any man who has taken part in the operations even for one brief hour, and he will dwell half admiringly, half wonderingly, upon the manner and means with which the enemy has potted at our men from the most unexpected places. Sniping is, of course, a perfectly legitimate

means of warfare, although to those whose idea of war is a straight fight in the open it must leave a bad taste in the mouth. In these days, however, it is among the minor tricks of war, and the Turks have become adepts at it. The Peninsula appears to have been specially designed by Nature for the sniper, and the Ottoman soldiers have not failed to take full advantage of it. Tree, bush, rock and sand are utilised by him in a peculiarly cunning manner, and this combined with a reckless disregard of personal danger has brought him so many victims as to justify special campaigns by special companies against him.

In the recent fighting a good haul of these snipers was made. The stories make dramatic reading. A captain of a London Territorial regiment happened to look back after his men had passed a solitary tree on the field when he noticed something moving on it. It looked like a green bird. He took aim and fired, and the "green bird" promptly fell to the earth, dropping his rifle. Its hands, face and rifle were painted green, and its clothing was of the same colour but of a darker shade. The bag was as heartily cheered by the men as if it were a Turkish regiment, for that particular sniper had been an undoubted terror. On another

part of the field—north of the bay—a pretty harem lady sniper was, after considerable efforts, rounded up and brought into the British lines. She cried and struggled, pointing pitifully to another part of the bush whence she had been brought. At length a detachment of men allowed her to lead the way to the spot indicated by her, and here they found her child in a dug-out tastefully furnished. In a corner was a pile of identification discs, probably taken systematically from the necks of dead soldiers, and an almost endless supply of ammunition. Carefully hidden away was her *yashmak* (veil), which the men allowed her to take with her.

One of the most audacious attempts at sniping was discovered the same afternoon. Three miles in the rear of our lines a company sergeant-major was shot at close range. The most energetic efforts were made to bring the culprit to book, and it was only after another man was shot that he was discovered in a deep pit in the heart of a base camp. He had evidently been installed for some time. A good supply of food and, as in the case of other snipers, a very large amount of ammunition were found, and a quantity of reading material.

Towards the end of the campaign another extraordinary sniper incident occurred. A com-

pany of Australians systematically searched every yard of an area where most particularly smart sniping had caught a fairly large number of the officers and men. The search was fruitless, and the mysterious sniper continued to take his deadly toll.

One day, however, while climbing a small hill an Australian, on the point of slipping, caught hold of a piece of shrubbery. To his astonishment the shrubbery gave way, and then suddenly was pulled back into place!

An examination revealed a sniper's den carefully "trap-doored" by bushes. The brave fellow had been there about ten days before the ground was captured by the Australians. His supply of ammunition was only equalled by the quantity of reading matter. He had had a good innings, too.

8

A TRENCH ROMANCE

I WAS walking through the lines last evening after one of those days of desultory firing; it was too hot to fight hard. "To-day we do not fight," they said, "but this is to remind you that there is a morrow." But to one man that morrow never dawned; he was more of a youth,

this blue-eyed lad from Manchester. I had passed his trench when I heard a low but resonant voice singing a classical love-song. I turned back to the trench and found the youth in a sitting posture at the bottom of the short, narrow trench—evidently lately Turkish. He was apparently unwounded, but the sweat fell from him in profusion.

"Well, what's up with you?" I asked. But he continued to sing with strange pathos the song of a love that would never die. Presently he seemed to notice me. "You're not well," I told him lamely, for his manner of singing had touched me; but the youth from Manchester laughed happily. "Oh, you know I'm perfectly well," he said; "I've been feeling wretched all the time." He added: "When we were told to charge I felt like a different man. Up everybody jumped—except me, and I had been as anxious as the rest."

I asked him to account for this strange lapse, and after a deal of diffidence he told me. "When I left the university I became engaged. Within a week war had broken out, and I joined. I don't think she ever cared for me as much as she did for her brother. 'Harry,' she said to me as we left, 'look after him. I give him in your charge.' Just as we said good-bye

she whispered, 'Don't come back without him,' and I vowed I would not. Up to two hours ago Sam was O.K. Then a stray bullet got him. You can't imagine my feelings. I thought I had best end it all in the charge that was coming; that was the only way. When the signal came to charge she was there right in front of me, just as I had seen her when I made the oath. Then I went mad, and you asked me what was the matter."

He had a relapse, and we got him over to the rest camp, but he continued in a state of coma. To-day the end came as he finished the song of a love that never died——

9

THE ZION MULE CORPS

The story of the Dardanelles would be altogether incomplete without some reference to one of the most interesting but little known bodies which has rendered yeoman service in the campaign. I refer to the Zion Mule Corps.

They entered upon the scene humbly and unostentatiously, but within a week they were the talk of every mess tent from the Commander-in-Chief's downward. Their gallantry and general usefulness have been invariably

emphasised in messages of appreciation and in the dispatches of the Commander-in-Chief. In answering an American Jewish sympathiser who had addressed him on the subject, Sir Ian Hamilton (as reported by the New York *Day*) wrote as follows:

"It may interest you to know that I have here fighting under my orders a purely Jewish unit. As far as I know this is the first time in the Christian era such a thing has happened. The men who compose it were cruelly driven out of Jerusalem by the Turks, and arrived in Egypt, with their families, absolutely destitute and starving. A complete transport corps was there raised from them for voluntary service with me against the Turks, whom they naturally detest. These troops were officially described as the 'Zion Mule Corps,' and the officers and rank and file have shown great courage in taking water and supplies up to the firing line under heavy fire. One of the private soldiers has been specially recommended by me for gallantry, and has duly received from the King the Distinguished Conduct Medal."

Since then several greater rewards have been bestowed on the members of this strange band of warriors. Composed of Zionists, the corps has done much to solve what at one time seemed

to be an insoluble problem of transit. This success was hardly anticipated by the authorities when they granted permission for its enrolment. It seems that the War Office, when first approached on the matter, were offered 5,000 volunteers, but grudgingly agreed to allow a body of 500 to be raised as an experiment. Immediately volunteers flowed in. They came from all parts of Zion, glad to escape the oppression of the Turk and to help the British to pay back old scores. Their military usefulness was only made manifest after extreme difficulty. In the endeavour to replace the motor transport by the obstinate quadruped they were up against a very tough proposition. The mule rarely shows much inclination to obedience, even when not under shell-fire. Under these circumstances he became rather less amenable even than before, but gradually his reluctance to "face the music" was overcome, until now, in the words of a high authority, the "Zion Mule Corps is absolutely indispensable."

The loss of life among them has been fairly high, but all casualties have been replaced, and much more than replaced. Perpetually under shell-fire, this loss of life was only to be expected. In Egypt, therefore, recruiting is

being carried on vigorously by the Jewish community, the Synagogue being often used as the medium of appeal. I saw at Imbros the Staff officer from the War Office who was jointly responsible for the raising of this corps, and he expressed his astonishment at the extremely successful manner in which the Mule Corps had been able to carry water and ammunition from the base to the front line of the trenches.

CHAPTER IV

SUVLA AND AFTER

1

BEFORE THE GREAT BATTLE

On Gallipoli Peninsula.

THE curious thing about the war out here is the extreme complacence of everybody connected with it. I rather think it is the perpetual presence and proximity of Death that makes one almost indifferent. No one who watches the French before this great battle could recognise in them the same excitable temperament with which they are credited in civil life. They fire their famous "seventy-fives" with the same *sang-froid* with which they receive one in reply from the same type of gun of which the Turks make good use.

In these great days you would almost expect an outburst of the hidden excitable temperament. But there is no sign of it. A shell from the Asiatic side bursts with a thwack fifty yards

from us. A few turn their heads to see it. One asks: "Where did that come from?" and goes on smoking.

Even the horses are affected by this spirit. Two more shells follow, one a high explosive shrapnel. One of the men picked up a bullet and handed it to me.

"Rather large, isn't it?" he said casually, although it had only just missed him by inches. Another shell whizzed past, took off the edge of a dug-out, and the occupant came out with a look of amused wonderment.

These Asiatic shells are the prelude to the great battle.

* * * * *

On the jetty alongside the
"River Clyde."

The three days' terrific fighting is over, and we on the extreme right are beginning to feel that it is not to be Constantinople this time. The awful shame of it!

The attack began with singular suddenness at half-past two, and I went to watch the French bombard Kereves Deres. The British artillery joined in enfilading the Turkish trenches from the west, while the French machine-guns, mounted on small vessels, enfiladed from the east. Our monitors, too, swelled the chorus,

searching with success several of the Turkish batteries.

Watching the scene in the neighbourhood of the French guns, it seemed that the Allied guns systematically cleared up yard by yard the whole territory within the immediate vicinity of Kereves Deres.

Early this morning I looked out towards the Narrows, expecting every minute to see our great Armada steaming up towards the forts, decks cleared. But there was, and is, no sign of our great battleships. Rumours of success and failure on our left continue to pour in. First, there was a persistent story of great success all along the line, but, so far as I can see, the French are simply holding ground. Certainly, nothing could live under such well concentrated, continuous fire as theirs has been. There was not a second's lull for about three hours. When the bombardment at length ceased, the aims of the French became easily apparent. Theirs was simply an excellent feint, and they had succeeded in letting in the Territorials on the extreme left. The latter, with a brilliant swoop forward, captured four lines of trenches.

* * * * *

It seems this morning that much of the

ground captured by our men yesterday had to be evacuated, and so all the great preparations of the last heavy weeks have failed to achieve the complete success we anticipated. We are well established upon the new ground, but we have not, alas! reached our goal in the great fight which has now ended.

* * * * *

The French wounded who came in after the first day's engagement were loud in praise of the charge of the Essex and Hampshires. One man whose right hand was done for, and who was trying to light a cigarette with the help of his remaining hand, came over to add his tribute.

"Extraordinaire!" he said, with much vigour.

In this engagement a number of curious instances of enemy bullets ramming our bullets just as they were leaving the barrels occurred. A Santa Claus looking gentleman from a suburb of Paris told me that in quieter moments one made a special effort to bring this feat off.

There was one particularly pathetic incident I noticed in watching this procession of French wounded embark for safer shores. Black men, white men, young clean-shaven fellows, middle-aged bearded fathers, all passed on with cheery

messages of "Bon voyage." These were lighter casualties. They passed the two rows of severely wounded men on stretchers with scarcely a glance. They were used to such sights. Then one of the stretcher-bearers suddenly stooped and covered the face of a man to whom assistance had come too late. The band of wounded stopped in their march and stooped down to read the name on the red label. They seemed to linger over this man as if Death were uncommon in this new world. One man hovered like the rest, but as he did not seem to move somebody touched him on the shoulder. He then rose as if suddenly roused from a deep reverie.

"C'est mon cher frère," he said simply, and walked slowly aboard.

* * * * *

W. Beach (later).

I am watching a boatload of wounded after yesterday's fight as they are being conveyed in a trawler to the hospital ship. Some of the men are so swathed in bandages that hardly an inch of flesh remains uncovered. But they are all blithely unconcerned. The spirit of Tommy and of Jean seems to have been commingled. I am following this amazing crowd to the ship.

2

STIRRING STORIES

On board the "Newmarket," a trawler conveying wounded of the three days' battle

THE men have been just brought aboard, and can only now rest in the fair assurance that they are outside the range of Turkish shell-fire. On the half-submerged pier, where the picket boat waited to carry them here, the shells were falling right and left, and even here several, after I had penned the opening sentences of this, have fallen perilously near the vessel.

But the men are more cheerful than ever, sitting in clusters as they drink tea and recall stirring episodes of the great fight.

"It was just the finest scrap you could have been in," said a lance-corporal in the Royal Fusiliers, who was suffering from a stomach wound. "Our men went in like one of the French what-do-you-call-'ems. There was no stopping. 'Go on, go on!' we all shouted, and some of us did go on—falling. For in a stiff fight of this description you can't expect to come out without payment. But I believe we were of the regiments who lost fewest. Some got fearfully cut about, for the shrapnel was falling like rain."

"Look at this," said a Warwick man, handing me his hospital label. "Call this nice treatment of a fellow." (It was a chest wound.) "And they're not half making a fuss of me."

"Not half they ain't!" replied his companion, with a laugh.

* * * * *

A youngish-looking lieutenant told a remarkable story of how a party of the Welsh Pioneer Battalion beat the Turks off in a novel manner. It had been found necessary to put the Pioneers into the firing line, and these suffered heavily. But a section of our men, in private life miners, were digging at a spot generally considered immune from attack. Without a word of warning the Turks put in an appearance, and here were our men without any weapons except shovels, hammers and picks. What did they do? Why, they simply went for the Turks with these weapons, and were, in fact, beating them off when help arrived. . . .

Here a Cockney orderly of an Essex captain put in an appearance.

"So you think you're going back to the Peninsula soon?" the captain asked.

"Yes, sir, I'm going to have another 'aperth," and so the Cockney's reputation was established on the ship.

"You must hear the wonderful story of the Munsters, the Inniskillings and the Dublin Fusiliers." It was a captain in the R.A.M.C., a tall, usually reserved type, who spoke.

"We had reached the bay in the afternoon," he said. "The Turks were easily seen on a ridge, waiting for us, but a few well-directed shots from the naval guns put them to flight. There were most dramatic moments. For reasons which were not apparent to us at first we heard the Tars cheering wildly. Then we looked down from our position of vantage and saw a great swarm of Turks running helter-skelter. Immediately behind them a row of glittering bayonet tips moved with ominous steadiness up the hill. Then the heads of the advancing men showed themselves, and with loud 'Huzzas' they completed the charge, driving the Turks to the other side of the ridge, so that they and the Turks were separated by the tip of the ridge. Almost on the verge of physical collapse, the Munsters, however, held the position, beating back all attacks. On the left of the ridge was a gully which ran from one side of the ridge to the other. Here the attacking parties would make a rush and enfilade with bombs. Bayonet attacks, rifle-fire and exploding bombs failed to move our men.

But on the next day a steady fusillade of shrapnel did considerable damage to the worn-out men, and it was decided to evacuate the position when night came. This was quietly done, and the vast horde of reinforced Turks, who made another attack at dawn on Monday morning, found that the birds had flown."

This officer paid a remarkable tribute to the snipers.

"Although they held the upper hand," he said, "they always played the game. For instance, the men who went for water were all shot at, but all the R.A.M.C. men who passed and re-passed the danger zone were left unmolested. Some of these chaps were in a trench bandaging the wounded. Any man who dared show himself was bound to be shot. One foolish man was shot through the heart, and the second man through the shoulder. It became necessary to move this man, and the doctor therefore decided to take the risk. As soon as he stood up he was shot at, but when the nature of his errand was seen not another shot was fired."

* * * * *

A strange incident at Anzac was related by a New Zealand captain.

"The generally accepted plan of attack," he

said, "was modified at the last minute by our G.O.C., who fancied somehow that there was something wrong at the place where we were to attack. Accordingly, it was agreed to make the attack some twenty yards farther to the left. This was done, and it was just as well. A little while later a whole row of land mines exploded on the spot we had missed."

* * * * *

"The post of naval observer which fell to me," said a tall, broad-shouldered officer who wore a monocle, "offers little in the way of excitement. But I must say I had the deuce of a time the first day. My job was to control the naval fire from a post of observation well inland north of Anzac. A mist made the work rather difficult, but we were kept pretty busy during the day. When evening came, and there was a lull, I was feeling pretty bucked, and thought I would do a little observation on my own, for, you see, a Turkish machine-gun had been worrying us a good deal. We tried hard to spot it, but failed, for it must have had about a dozen different emplacements. In the end we had to give it up, but on that night, in the dark, I thought I saw a flash about a mile away. Fixing my telescope on it, I was able, after some time, to make out fairly clearly a machine-

gun section. So I left the telescope fixed, and when the morning came I had another look, and it was clear as daylight that the machine-gun section was still there. The rest happened in a few minutes. I immediately wirelessed one of the ships, and a well-placed high explosive sent the whole shoot heavenwards. It was some sight. That machine-gun troubled us no more!"

* * * * *

This is the story of a boy-lieutenant who gained distinction at Suvla and went to London in shorts and no stockings:

"I am by profession an engineer, and it was very easy for me to pick up all that it was necessary to know about machine gunnery. It was natural for me, and in a very short time I had to teach recruits. This was all right for a time, but it was not so exciting as fighting, so after a little trouble I got sent to the Dardanelles. In this Suvla affair I was in charge of a machine-gun section who were told off with other sections to defend Sulajik farm. Three sections, each with two guns, occupied the farm, and were firing all day at the trenches around Burnt Hill. We did considerable damage. Our guns were trained on the Turks, smashing them up in scores. Suddenly,

late in the afternoon, whistles were blown in our trenches immediately in front of the farm and the command 'Cease fire' was passed along.

"Our fellows accordingly put down their rifles, which I thought was very strange, for the Turks were still advancing. So I ordered my men to continue firing.

"The more I thought of it, the more mysterious it seemed. The spectacle of the whole line of our men standing up in their trenches while a party of Turks, about two hundred strong, advanced towards us was certainly unusual.

"As I looked another strange thing happened. An officer dressed in full 'Sam Browne' equipment dashed in front of the farm and shouted: 'Cease fire, those machine-guns. You are firing on the Ghurkas.' Either the officer was a spy or he was a fool. Ghurkas do not wear black trousers, striped shirts and grey fezzes, as the advancing men undoubtedly did.

"The attitude of this officer aroused my suspicion, and I was about to hold him up when I found to my chagrin that I had lost my revolver in the advance. In a trice he had gone to spread the message, and now, for a

moment, my suspicions dispersed and I ordered my men to cease fire, at the same time keeping the guns trained on the advancing Turks, who were now about fifty yards from us. A minute or two later they halted, holding their rifles in both hands above their heads. Suddenly one of the Turks called out excitedly and lowered his rifle at our men in the front trenches, but we were too quick for him. I was at one of the guns myself, and had my thumbs on the double-button in readiness. In fifteen seconds all those Turks were done in. It was a fairly exciting half-hour, but excellent sport."

* * * * *

A Welsh officer told of the storming and taking of an important Turkish position.

"After several set-backs," he said, "we took the trench in fine style, and looked for reinforcements in order to hold it. They never came, and we were simply driven out by overwhelming odds. There is no doubt that after all the fighting and the futile conclusion our boys began to look a bit tired and disheartened. And on the top of it we were ordered to make another charge and retake the trench at five in the morning! Fortunately, the boys were given a little encouragement by the appearance of Brigadier-General Cowan, who came along at half-past

three and spoke to them. The trenches were much too narrow for him to move along in, so what does he do but jump on to the parapet and walk along there, exposing himself all the time to the enemy's fire. It bucked the men up wonderfully, and when the time came for the charge there was a grand transformation scene. That picture of grim, determined men will always live with me. It was the first real charge they were called upon to make, and I wondered as the time drew near how these fellows, whom I watched being reared from various types of civilians to well disciplined soldiers, would shape. I thrilled as I looked behind me and saw their fingers clenched around their rifles and a row of faces filled with such determination as foretold victory.

"Then came the charge. With a great cheer the boys dashed forward to get the Turks. Their élan just demoralised the foe, and they ran, but not before many of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers' bayonets had tasted their blood. We got back that trench all right."

The officer stopped as if he would dwell upon the stirring scene.

"It's remarkable," he continued reflectively, "how soon you come to take everything for granted. Big deeds, which if normally con-

sidered would arouse intense admiration, are taken as a matter of course. You saw a man rush forward under heavy fire and save a friend. You took it for granted. I saw lots of such instances, so that when my colonel asked me if I could recommend anyone for the Victoria Cross, I had to reply :

" ' Why, all of them '—for, indeed, as soon as I began to think of one great deed, others crowded in on my recollection.

" I saw, for instance, a stirring self-sacrifice by a medical officer. The dressing station was, of course, at the rear of the fighting line, and here the M.O. was supposed to stay. He saw, however, that there were no means of removing the wounded by the usual communication trenches, and so he left the dressing tent and came into the firing line. He reached the front trench and began his work of succour under an intense fire. Men were falling round him like flies, but he remained unperturbed, dressing the wounds, urging the men, and cheering them up."

* * * * *

" Nobody can beat our boys at a bayonet charge," said a captain of the 6th Essex Regiment, known as the Essex Infantry Brigade. " We're known as Cockneys, and the boys

lived up to their reputation. The East End of London especially should feel proud of them. At any rate, the word 'Cockney' will make many a Turk shudder in the future. The London boys had their baptism of fire without much waste of time. We were pushed into the firing line to relieve the Hampshires, after one day's rest. We started off with a bit of luck. The Turks were suddenly driven across our front by the 10th Division, who were on our left. Our machine-guns and rifles made a big hole in the fleeing enemy's lines. Our next essay was another attack on the Turks, which failed. The enemy then endeavoured to turn our left, which was exposed, but relief coming up just then, the Turks fairly got it in the neck, and we were able to consolidate our line."

The captain told an amusing story of a scared Turkish prisoner who was surprised as well as relieved to find he would be spared.

"English good," he said. "Germans make me fight!"

A general told me another story which is worth mentioning. Near the conclusion of the operations another Turk was brought in. He only knew two words of English. They were —and he uttered them with an amusing air of finality: "Fight finished!"

CHAPTER V

DARE-DEVILS

I HAVE stated my view that the climatic conditions, the enervating heat and the nerve-destroying flies were accountable for lack of initiative and alertness. Added to that the presence of new-comers—civilians in soldiers' attire—rather tended to upset many of the fine traditions which in ordinary circumstances the regular soldier would never have dreamt of infringing. But here in this God-forsaken country morals were very often left behind with our beloved ones. They were not immoral, but rather unmoral. There were many bitter complaints of the loss of parcels sent to the Dardanelles.

I asked a Staff officer the cause of it. He replied with indifference: "They are stolen."

"By whom?" I insisted.

"Men—and officers too," he replied. "I've seen men carrying parcels stopped on the way by an orderly who had instructions to bring in these parcels."

Of course, it was all done in the best of spirits, and it was war. In peace-time some rude people would call this by a nasty name.

The Colonial soldiers, too were an enigma. They were excellent fighters. Big, brawny fellows, used to roughing it, and without the least consciousness of fear. They made their début in Cairo, and the people there are not likely to forget them. After spending their money right royally they made free of the place, giving full rein to the lust for destructiveness which they were to exhibit to the Turk later on. They simply ran the place, and the authorities were powerless to intervene. Anyway, they showed no inclination to apply the law too literally after a bout or two with the boys from down under. A disreputable part of the town—around the destruction of which a keen discussion was raging when I was in Cairo some years ago—was set alight, and the fire-engine that came to the rescue overturned. Drink houses which, when the gallant Colonials first arrived, reaped a harvest, now supplied, by moral suasion or otherwise, free drinks to all and sundry. Cabbies had to take any fare proffered, and were only too glad to be given some coin at all. Had the Colonials existed at the time of Pharaoh they would have succeeded

where the plagues failed. They were good boys, however, kind hearted when you knew how to handle them. What they did was simply done unconsciously. It was "sport," and it never seemed to occur to them that somebody had to pay for it. When they met the Essex Regiment they were so delighted in meeting Londoners that they swopped hats, throwing their packs away, and marched into the trenches with the Essex caps, free of all superfluous packages!

Where they lacked in the stern discipline so natural in the British Army they made up in courage. If they were ordered to take two lines of trenches, they carried four, and paid very heavily for their superfluous activity. They disdained to salute officers. I tried to get at the reason for this by talking the matter over with some Colonial officers—excellent chaps too. They could see nothing wrong in it. But I found out the reason by noting the exceedingly familiar terms upon which they allowed their men to be with them. The cult of the Colonial is absolutely contrary to all the elements which go to make up a powerful army. "We're all men," they say, "and we don't care a rap for anybody."

That is how a rather inebriated and cheery

Australian introduced himself as he boarded a tramcar in Alexandria.

"I'm an Australian," he announced, "and I don't care a damn for anybody."

Some of our privates were there, and were amused if anything.

Then, spotting me, he made me his first victim.

"You're an officer, I see," he began. "Been over to the Peninsula? You ought to do some digging. . . . bring your muscles up."

I continued in conversation with my friend.

"What some of you fellows want is a little exercise——"

"And you a little discipline," my friend interjected.

"Discipline!" he said, as if he had coined a new word. "What's the good of that? Fighting, that's what you want."

It was noticeable the effect of this slackness of Colonial discipline on our own men. In Alexandria, where they perhaps outnumbered our men, few officers were acknowledged. A party of us went up to Aboukir, which had not yet had the pleasure of receiving our gallant Colonials. The contrast was very significant and gratifying.

[P.S.—Let me add a little postscript in May, 1916. The amazing change in Colonial discipline is easily discernible to anyone now in London. The good comradeship which has existed between the English soldiers and their Colonial cousins has achieved miracles. The Colonial now is not only a redoubtable fighter (as he always was), but he is a strict disciplinarian. All smart jokes to which this subject gave rise are hereby declared obsolete and unworthy.]

CHAPTER VI

A COLONIAL'S DIARY

A COLONIAL officer has let me see his diary, from which I take the following reflections and experiences:

"A wound in my head necessitated a few days' rest on a hospital ship at Lemnos. Some curious cases aboard. There is a chap in my cabin who has been there two days, asleep most of the time. He says he does not know what is wrong with him, but he feels half mad at times. Things are not so green on the land as when I left here a month ago. There seems to have been some harvesting done. I often think of the fuss that was made over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. I guess that will never more be thought of now, as there is a Balaclava nearly every day in this war. Another thing is the giving of awards for valour and brave conduct. Nowadays, with so many men engaged in the actions that take place, so many fine deeds are done and so few are noticed. It would be fairer not to give any. . . .

"A shell from a .75 came over my dug-out and I heard a muffled explosion in the ravine where the mules are quartered, about 15 yards from us. I went out to have a look, and saw smoke coming out of a dug-out on the side of the ravine. Soon an officer staggered out, his face as black as ink. It appears that the shell came through the curtain, exploding in the opposite corner to him, blowing off the legs of his chair. The officer had just returned after recovering from a wound received in the first landing, so he was not altogether in good condition. He fainted, that's all. I think he was born to be hanged.

"We might be attacked soon, as this is the month all dead Turks go to Heaven. I think we will be glad to help them on their way. . . .

"Our troops have gone a long way up the valley towards Anafarta, where that wretched gun has been playing havoc with us all the time. . . . We are paying heavily for victory, since all the wounded who can walk have to come down from the firing line by themselves. I was down on the beach this morning, and it was a pitiful sight to see them coming in one after the other, clothes torn, covered with blood, but all with set faces, some staggering, some limping step by step, others lying down

for a rest before making another effort. On the beach we were making the unwounded Turkish prisoners lump fodder for the mules. While I was looking at these swine I saw six Turkish officers come in at quick march and taken up to Headquarters.

"Yesterday I was on a high position at the head of Rest Gully, and at 5 P.M. we had a fine view of our troops advancing at the head of the Salt Lake under shrapnel fire. We could see the bullets churning up the dust in front of our troops. The warships were sending high explosives into a knoll on which our men were advancing. After a while we could not see anything for dust. The Anafarta gun, which used to worry us so much on the beach, was in a snug little valley which is now occupied by one of our field depots. The Turks got the gun away, but left two hundred rounds and a quantity of officers' kit. . . . We have hardly had any sleep for three nights. . . . A piece of shell came through my tarpaulin roof this morning and bounced from the floor, hitting me on the side, but it was spent by then.

"The men in front of our trenches are beginning to swell very badly and the flies are coming.

"We have fired a great quantity of shells

in the last three days. I hope we will not run short, as our artillery must be doing a lot of damage.

"I hear our guns got on to the Turks when they were eight deep and when they were charging our men out of our position. The havoc was great.

"We have made some funny mistakes the last few days through coming into new quarters. Two days ago we put Keating's in our food instead of pepper, and we ate it, and to-day we started to drink embrocation in mistake for limejuice. . . .

"The snipers were very strong on our depots, and down our road to-day we had to stop work during the day. To-day we sniped a sniper.

"Water is very scarce on the left, the officers and men only getting a quart per diem."

CHAPTER VII

A STRANGE EPISODE

I HESITATE to tell the story because of its entire improbability. I never intended to tell it, in fact. Only my own private diary and a friend should know. But here it is, after a week's cold reflection. Indeed, time brings a mist of uncertainty and a doubt in one's own belief to an extent which makes it necessary to write impressions red-hot, drawing from cold print when memory will no longer serve. It was the second day of the Suvla fighting. The French were heavily bombarding the Turkish lines in the direction of Kereves Deres. The din was perpetual and piercing. From the beach where the *River Clyde* is, the French base rises gradually to a hill. Here one obtains a wonderful panorama of the whole field of operations on the right and centre. The British, French and Turkish lines stood out prominently enough, and the damage inflicted by the big guns—our own artillery and the monitors had joined in—

left one little doubt of how the battle was swaying.

Near me were the French General Staff watching operations, while a group of black troops clustered around registering the beautifully ranged shots with frank delight. Withal it grew tiring. It was like watching a man scoring a bull's-eye with every shot. A miss or two would break the monotony. But the French never miss, and standing in the scorching sun, with sand blowing in your ears and eyes, is a trifle trying to a man longing to be in the thick of it. So I walked on, steering to the left, but not so extreme as to touch our own lines. A French dispatch rider galloped past me at a great pace till he was lost in the cloud of smoke from exploding shells of his own guns. Finally, I found a little shelter, and from here the terrible beauty of this significant battle came home to me. The General Staff and the spectators on the ridge looked like dots burning in the sun. Just below them a line of a hundred flashes sprang from the ground mysteriously. A long, black, curved line in the sand told me of a trench, and in the far distance an extended pillar of black smoke gave response to the hundred flashes of a few seconds back. Beyond that, ridges and undulations. Achi Baba,

chipped and torn, lost nothing in its mystery and malevolence. It had defied the hysterical shells from the " .75's," the awful hell of the 14-inch monitors, the deadly aim of the guns of the British and French battleships. It told you to come on. But in the meantime, while the gallant French infantry held the flower of the Turkish army, the British came on, but not in the manner Achi Baba expected.

Lost in reflection in the wonderful wider scenery, I had overlooked the ground in my immediate neighbourhood, and I saw, not fifty yards from me, what I took to be a French soldier. He was lying in a manner suggestive of utter weariness. He seemed completely exhausted. I went to him. Upon getting nearer, I was surprised to see that the man was in khaki. I hailed him in French, but he did not reply; so, on reaching him, I shook him. He started.

" What's the matter?" I asked in French, for his growth of beard denied any index to his nationality.

" Nothing," he replied listlessly in London French.

" Oh, you're English," I said. " What regiment? How do you come to get here? Do you want to get to the base?"

He made an effort.

"Don't ask me questions, but, if you like, listen. I'm dying. I don't know how I came here and I don't recollect what has happened. I don't want to get to the base, for it would be useless. City clerk I was, and now I'm a soldier, and glad of having seen a bit of life instead of being cooped up in an office till the end. I've never been strong, but I cheated the doctor into passing me. Never mind how. There's mother, my sister, and me. My sister didn't want me to go. Of course I had to come. 'You know what it means if you never come back,' she said. 'It would mean far worse if I didn't go,' I said. When I went she kissed me—for we were old pals—but I've never forgotten the look she gave me in parting. She seemed to know I would never return."

He suddenly raised himself on his elbows and pointed to a cluster of bushes about twenty yards away from which I had just come.

"She's over there," he said in a strained whisper which made me doubt his sanity. "The same look as she gave me at the station. You see her?" he said sharply. I put my water-bottle to his lips, but he dashed it away. "You see her?" he repeated wildly.

I made a pretence of looking. These hallucinations, I thought, were not uncommon. I had met another such case only recently. Yet I looked and started. At the spot where his trembling finger pointed was a cloud of white which, as I watched, gradually assumed a human shape. Its outlines were not distinct, but, unless I had become afflicted even as the unfortunate man at my feet had, that efflorescent form was of a graceful girl. I watched spellbound, forgetful of all else. Then a voice shouted in triumph as my sleeve was jerked.

"See, she's smiled at me."

I turned to look at him, and he was dead.

I glanced from him quickly—for here the dead are not uncommon—but the illusion, if it were such, had vanished.

* * * * *

The sun had set, and the guns, tired of their tremendous exertions, ceased their roar. A sky red with the blood of the heroes whose better home is heaven looked down upon the scene of ravaged beauty. And on a distant promontory a figure in a Turkish *caftan* braved the bullets, and the bent, swaying figure kissed the earth and sang in impassioned tones to Allah.

CHAPTER VIII

STANLEY THOMPSON

Amid all pictures of pathos, grimness and glory which yet remain vivid in my imagination, the figure of Private Stanley Thompson remains foremost. He was a boy when I was thrown across him almost immediately on my arrival at the base. Our tent had been erected by a stalwart detachment of the Royal Engineers, and our baggage flung inside, and then we looked at each other and said: "What about orderlies?"

For answer there came hurrying into the camp two young fellows, and, coming over to us, stood smartly to the attention. Each handed us a note. One was addressed to me. It read:

"Pte. Stanley Thompson, Manchesters, 1754, to be orderly to Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, war correspondent."

I looked at my orderly, and from that moment Stanley impressed me with a sense of some happening to come. I began to like

him and sympathised with a spontaneity which strikes me now as strange, seeing that we had just arrived in camp and had a hundred and one worrying things to overcome.

"Where do you come from?" I asked him, for the name of a unit does not always synchronise nowadays with one's native place.

"Manchester, sir," he replied.

"Have you been over on the Peninsula?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," he said promptly. "I have been ill, and have now been put on light duty."

He was too open and honest to put deeper meanings into his words, but I thought I detected a note of irony as he uttered the words "light duty." He was streaming with perspiration from head to foot. It came from his head in tributaries, and reached his clothes, which were already soaking from the heat of his body. When he had come to me he simply wiped off some of this fearfully uncomfortable stream and began to get to work with a will with my things. It was typical of the lad. Modest, retiring, truthful, hard-working and, what is more, unconscious of hardship, and, therefore, uncomplaining. After his long and hurried tramp in soft sand and unrelenting sun from his base to our camp he showed no

inclination of reaction. He was the sort that works on till he drops. I told him to leave my things, sent him over to the only tent that was shaded from the sun, and told him to make himself comfortable before coming back to me. I was sorry afterwards, because, as things turned out, I robbed myself of the pleasure of conversing with him—and in truth he, too, appreciated the little conversation we had. He came back soon enough, and I bade him sit down and tell me of himself.

He had come with six friends from Manchester and district, all from the same office, and joined the same battalion when war broke out. . . . Stanley stopped to wipe away some of the perspiration that insisted upon coming, and as he pulled out his handkerchief a photograph of a girl dropped from his pocket. The keen boyish face blushed in spite of its marked effect of the sun.

"This, my rifle, ammunition and water-bottle are all I carry with me," he explained with charming coyness. "When this goes everything goes."

Stanley began to tell of the fate of his six friends. Two had been killed early in the campaign, another had valiantly rescued the fourth from a dangerous position, and was

complimented by the colonel; the fifth was, so far, unharmed, but the sixth was a "mental."

"Jack witnessed the killing of his two pals. One was killed outright by a shell—the most merciful kind of death—but the other, who happened to be Jack's particular pal, got messed up in our own wire entanglements in front of our trenches, and was shot by a Turkish sniper. Jack wanted to go out in the heavy fire and bring Fred in; but as it meant certain death, he was ordered not to. I saw Jack looking out upon the helpless form of his wounded friend. As the day drew to a close the moans became fainter, but Jack's eyes never left him. The Turkish fire never slackened during the night, and next morning the form by the wire entanglements only moved imperceptibly. That day Jack seemed to realise it was all up, and he now tried to avoid looking at the ghastly sight. But I could easily see that wherever he looked he was unable to avoid the nightmare. If he moved up a little he was encroaching upon another platoon's ground. If he looked through another's peephole he could still see Fred. Gradually his mind became seriously affected. His eyes became vacant and staring and he began talking rubbish to himself. Then next day the Turkish fire slackened, and Jack

immediately jumped out of his trench and rushed to the prostrate form. He pulled at the tunic and called 'Fred.' Then he fell back into a dead faint, for the living things that now dwelt within the empty tunic belonged to some other beings. . . ."

Perhaps the history of his friends had affected Stanley in the strange manner which added a fascination to his character. But a year ago they were all light-hearted civilians in Manchester. Twelve months had made the boy a man, but there was blending of the two somewhere.

Stanley did not stay with me as my orderly. In half an hour he, by some clerical error, was recalled, and the other orderly sent in his stead. Then it was found that Stanley was meant to remain with me. But it was too late. I saw him no more till a month later, when I was crossing to a certain point of the Peninsula by a troop trawler. Among the hundreds of faces below I at once espied the bright but dreary eyes of Stanley, sitting alone in a pensive posture at the bow of the ship. Across the horizon was Asia and Gallipoli, but his eyes seemed to penetrate beyond all that. . . . We all landed at last, and in two days were in the heart of a big battle. And at the clearing

hospital next day was the sad, smiling countenance of Stanley, his legs and body bound up, his right hand blown to bits, but his left hand clasping a photograph of a girl.

"I managed to save it, sir," he said softly, "and—she'll be glad, sir, because I'm to be mentioned in dispatches."

CHAPTER IX

THE JUNIOR STAFF OFFICER

He was a junior member of Headquarters Staff. I met him at "K" beach boarding the 7.20 boat, which used to turn up very regularly—when the motor hadn't broken down. He scowled at me, and I smiled. If he had smiled I should have scowled. It is the way of the world.

Next day we met on the same trawler, bound for Anzac, and we became very polite. In war, contrary to illusions held by civilians, everything is very monotonous and everybody very polite. Perhaps I should mention that he was good-looking—a matter of form, since most of our boys in khaki seem to me to be good-looking, fine fellows.

This boy, I found afterwards, was of a quiet, studious type—always with a preoccupied look about him. He was invariably "at it," poring over papers marked "secret" or tap-tapping at a typewriter.

Life was very quiet and methodical at Headquarters. Domestic and military time-tables were carried out with a regularity that would surprise the tenderfoot. Lieutenant Aubrey Jefferson, however, knew how to handle men, too. I saw him in the course of such handling, and I felt a greater respect for him.

Next day—quieter than the rest—I walked away from the camp, passed over the cliffs which gave a fine view of the historic amphibious encounter, and I found a book in a little shelter built by the sentry—a Greek.

On the title-page was the following inscription :

TO DEAR AUBREY FROM CLARA
PENSEZ À MOI TOUJOURS
SEPTEMBER, 1914

The volume, if you please, was Browning. A brute of a fellow reading Browning in full view of a great bombardment and to the accompaniment of an intense noise is a being worth studying. So I pocketed the little book, and next day sauntered over to where the tap-tapping came from.

"Good morning, Jefferson," I began; but he was short with me.

So I came to the point.

"I've brought a little book I found yesterday, and since it may be of military importance, I have lost no time in returning it."

I handed over the book with a bow. He had, be sure, stopped his tapping for a moment and glared at me. Then he took it without as much as a "Thank you," and gave the typewriter all he wished he could give me.

* * * * *

It was the anniversary of the Turkish Constitution, and also a big feast in the Mohammedan world. A big attack by the enemy was anticipated, and we felt lively in consequence. How many of Enver Pasha's 100,000 new troops would escape us was the only anxiety we felt, and we all went over to watch the fray more jubilant than we had been for many a day past.

But it never came off. What did occur, however, few knew beyond those immediately concerned. I had left the headquarters of the Royal Naval Division, and was going on towards Krithea, when I saw a figure standing out prominently on a distant ridge. He was a sure mark for anybody who cared to waste powder and shot at him.

I walked towards him and found, as I felt it would be, Lieutenant Jefferson.

He was staring through a pair of field-glasses and was muttering to himself.

"Looks like nothing doing to-day," I remarked; but he seemed oblivious of my presence and began jabbering more excitedly. So I wisely accepted the inevitable and scanned in the same direction through my glasses. For a moment I could see nothing. But my widely ranged glasses soon picked out what Jefferson evidently was agitated about.

I saw distinctly a company of our men advancing stealthily. It all seemed reasonable enough to me, when suddenly a hand came down sharply on my shoulder.

"Can't you see the idiots are walking into a trap!" he shouted; and before I could answer he had run down the decline and was off in the direction of the trap. There was nobody in our immediate vicinity. Only an evacuated trench —when we advanced—and the usual remains of a scrap. But now I felt no loneliness. Mounting to the summit of the little hill which Jefferson had vacated, I watched him and the men he was dashing to save.

Glueing my eyes a little beyond them, I saw all of a sudden where the danger lay. The

ground in the distance was level, and only from an incline could one see that a row of machine-guns awaited the unsuspecting company.

The picture certainly gripped me now: Lieutenant Jefferson running ahead like a madman, and then the company advancing stealthily inch by inch—to destruction. One more row of bushes covered our men from the enemy's guns, and then I saw Jefferson come up behind and bring them all to a halt.

* * * * *

He came back in an hour to the little hill for his glasses. He was exhausted but obviously jubilant.

"A fine scrap, Jefferson," I said as he came up.

"Those infernal——"

He didn't know exactly what he wanted to curse, but he evidently thought it was the right thing to do.

We sat down, and, instead of returning to Headquarters, I asked him to share my lunch —emergency rations—which I had brought with me.

He ate reflectively, and I imagined he was going over the events of an hour ago. He soon disillusioned me.

"That book——" he began in confusion.

"That Browning," I replied helpfully.

"Yes—er—did you—er—read——"

"How else could I have returned it?" I said. "It was marked 'To dear Aubrey from Clara.' And 'pensez à moi toujours,'" I added, "although I'm not very good at French."

He reflected.

"It's wonderful what moods are," he said. "All through this war I haven't even as much as thought of her. Of course there is always the consciousness that when it is all over we—or some of us—are going back to increased happiness. . . . Just now, however, it has all come back to me, and"—he looked away, this gallant little son of England who could fight and read Browning in the same hour—"and, d'you know, if there was something like a little music here now I'd—I'd——"

"It's wonderful what moods are," I interposed softly.

CHAPTER X

THE NECESSITY FOR INOCULATION AND OTHER MATTERS

Some writers who have been permitted "Somewhere in France" may be accused of using the hyperbole frequently. I hope I shall not be similarly arraigned when I say that the men in the Dardanelles were splendid. How they stuck to their work during those awful summer months they alone know. I have often tried to find a solution, and I came to the conclusion that it must have been the excellent training they had at home. They did their work in the trenches and on the beach under rifle-fire or shell-fire incessantly with an amazing nonchalance. Too much so, I sometimes thought. I had expected to see them with a kind of warlike spirit we read about as a boy. But they simply carried on as if they were practising or strolling around a peaceful park. At Imbros and on the battlefield the quiet and general nonchalance gave one a very different impression of war. There was certainly more

excitement in London, with or without Zeppelins, than there was on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

I was looking very keenly one day at Achi Baba, which seemed a few hundred yards away. I imagined the spot to be fairly safe, for most of the shells fell upon the beach, a good distance to the rear. A soldier was engaged upon some work or other just by me.

"If I were you, sir," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I should keep a little nearer that trench, so that when the shell comes you can jump into it."

Here was I—just as he was—an open target for the enemy, and he spoke to me as if he were advising me how to avoid a downpour of rain. He said nothing about his own safety, I noticed, and when a shell did come—too quickly for me to follow his advice—he continued with his work as if the shell had been a pebble.

Let me touch on one or two minor matters while I think of them. One is the question of inoculation. I have never held any views one way or the other upon this subject. But from what I have seen and heard I am absolutely assured that inoculation is necessary. In the hospitals I spoke with scores of officers, and when I asked for their personal experiences

they seemed to regard the question as unnecessary. "Only a fool goes to war without being inoculated," was the unanimous opinion. So emphatic were these men that I was afraid to tell them I had not the time to be inoculated before I left England.

Another matter is the devotion of the R.A.M.C. Perhaps enough has been said regarding the tremendous sacrifice of the doctors and the stretcher-bearers. The praises of the latter have been fittingly acclaimed in nearly every official dispatch of the Commander-in-Chief. I could give many instances of personal devotion. The orderly R.A.M.C., however, seems to have been completely forgotten. At the land hospitals, and especially on the hospital ships, these young men worked as only unselfish patriots could work. Work in the immediate scene of action was child's play compared to this more arduous but less conspicuous labour. I do not envy the "conscientious objectors" who seem to regard non-combative service as a haven.

I think it is due in a record of this description to mention the extraordinarily bad management of the parcel post system and the general outburst of indignation it occasioned. I promised very many officers to say

something about this scandal, and have already mentioned it incidentally. There was never a man I came across who didn't curse that department more than he cursed the Turks. The Turks were gentlemen, he said; the others were thieves. This comparatively simple matter was one of the details which the authorities at the Dardanelles failed to supervise properly. Any ordinary business man would have put this shameful mess right within a fortnight. To trace the culprits should have been an easy matter, but it is evident from this, as well as in more important matters, that subordinates were seriously at fault in the carrying out of their duties. The parcel theft caused more heart-burning among our men than any defeat. The latter was not always due to carelessness and indifference; the former was.

BOOK II
THE AFTERMATH

CHAPTER I

THE WOUNDED

In an Egyptian Hospital.

For several weeks I have watched the glorious active heroism of our men in the Peninsula; now the fortunes or misfortunes of war have directed that I shall witness and record the great silent heroism of the stricken men who have been borne off the field of battle to hospital. From field hospital to casualty clearing station, from there to a hospital ship, from there to a base hospital, and finally to a convalescent home. I have mingled with the officers and men, and testify to that greater heroism of which hitherto there has been no record.

That the Dardanelles campaign is different from any other the wounded, above everybody, knows. In France he could in a very short time be whisked away from danger to comfort. Here his greater trials begin when a bullet finds him. Before, he could give as good as he took, but now, maimed and impotent, he lies in the stretcher, hospital or trawler and sees the enemy

shells fly around, wondering every moment when one will take effect. In the recent fighting the casualties among the stretcher-bearers of the Welsh battalions were very marked. This, let us hope, was purely accidental, but a major of one of those battalions told me that every one of his stretcher-bearers was wiped out. Other men, you may be sure, quickly took their places, and those who were able to cheat the ubiquitous sniper were able to carry their comrades to the hospital in the rear. But here they were shelled. True, with a forethought which many of us have begun to expect from the Turk, he heliographed us to move the hospital farther back, since it was necessary to shell its immediate neighbourhood. Yet even so the wounded men, dressed and ready to be shipped, were not out of danger. All the way down to the beach, in the pinnace and even on the hospital trawler itself, the whiz of the shells by us and over us reminded us that there would be no rest till we were well under way. Then we should only reckon with submarines—a minor danger with the seas so thoroughly swept.

I met a batch of wounded on my way back from the *River Clyde*. To crown my fortunes I had a touch of sunstroke, and a party of us

waited on a half-submerged pier at " W " beach to be carried across to medical aid at Imbros. A boat-load of wounded waited to squeeze a few more on the vessel, which was making journeys to and from the hospital trawler half a mile out. These were going to Mudros, and so we had to wait. We had not waited long before the Turks began to give us a send off. Shell after shell, with an interval of perhaps a minute between them, fell in proximity to the boats and us. One was a little too much to the right, another closer, a third just ten yards to our left and unexploding. The fifth landed in the centre of a gang of native workers on our right, killing two men and a horse, while the rest promptly scattered—only to return in less than half a minute with a British officer. That little partially submerged pier resembled an inferno during the half-hour we waited on it for a boat. It was a supreme test of nerves for men whose nerves were half shattered already, but during the whole of the time nobody seemed to care—only we all simultaneously ducked as the shell gave two seconds' warning of its approach. Luckily no wounded were hit.

We had about a thousand aboard, and the outlines of Cape Helles soon became happily vague; but, with a tenacity which has charac-

terised the defence of the Turk, a few shells followed us—some just missing by a yard—and it was not until the busy harbour of Imbros was reached that some of us felt relief. It was dusk when we anchored alongside a big hospital ship, and in less than an hour the spluttering arc lamp above us showed that operations on the severely wounded had already begun. Next day at the officers' ward at the casualty clearing station I was able to get into closer touch with my fellow-patients. They were all "new" men, majors, captains and a second-lieutenant. Four were knocked over by the stomach diseases which in the earlier stages were very prevalent. Another was a Colonial captain with a double-fractured arm. He came bouncing into the ward all smiles:

"Me? I'm all right. Just a bit of a break. Not bad enough for here. Told 'em to send me back. I can't fight, but I could do the adjutant's work. He's knocked over."

The lieutenant is a ruddy-faced, Middlesex man with a bullet wound above his heart. At first he seemed dazed, but he soon came round:

"A narrow shave. But a miss is as good as a mile. Only a scratch, and I'll be going back in a day or two."

He is as good as his word. Replying to the doctor, he says:

"No, I feel quite all right. I don't wish to go to the base. I'll pick up here."

The other men, one an alert Scotsman and the other a scholarly looking Londoner, both captains, look fearfully thin about the face—the ravages of dysentery. Everybody talks shop with animation. But, curiously enough, the main theme—it was always the same I found long afterwards—was recounting the list of pals who had fallen.

"Owen's gone; Broughton got one through the leg. The colonel, after two narrow escapes, had his hand blown off." And so on. Very morbid, but very human.

The doctor, a happy looking, confidence inspiring individual, looks in. We had predetermined to give him a piece of our mind for putting us on milk and water. But he has such a way with him that you felt at once that if sand and water were ordered for you, sand and water would cure you. So we drank our condensed milk and water and ate our dry biscuits all the time we were there, and felt that we thrived on them. In three days the heroes of another well-fought battle trooped over—a crowd of them, but the R.A.M.C. dealt

with them with such method and expedition that you caught only a fleeting glimpse of them. They took our beds while we went a step farther on our way. We were sent aboard the big Scotch steamer, the *Euripides*. Such is the effect of environment that more than one officer told me that on boarding this hastily converted hospital ship they felt better. And, indeed, it was remarkable to notice the change. On the first and second days everybody able to dine in the saloon chose from a varied and extensive menu milk and biscuits. It might have been the contracted habit. But upon the third day the habit was thrown off. Ginger ale took the place of milk and chops the place of biscuits. . . .

We improved immensely on the voyage from Imbros to Mudros and from Mudros to Alexandria. But there were some who never improved. They were among the men who were lifted aboard by cranes. They lay upon the decks of the ship striving to get as much breeze as the conditions allowed from the enervating atmosphere—helpless but not hopeless. They were always in good spirits, these men who were cripples for life or who were actually in the throes of death. There was one nice fellow in a ward which was once the spacious lounge. I wondered why he was

always screened from the rest. He looked happy and comfortable, and was always reading books which he carefully selected from a big supply from the library. The top of his head and his chest were entirely swathed in bandages. You could just see his face. On the second and third mornings he still read. And the man was dying. In the afternoon of the following day a short but impressive service was held, and then a body in sacking—looking like an Egyptian mummy—was shot overboard, landing flat and with a fearful splash upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

In the lounge ward the cot was still occupied, but by somebody else, and the screen had been shifted.

These weird burials at sea occurred at intervals till by the unfailing human weakness you began to take less interest in them. You felt a fresh pang of regret, however, when two further bodies were removed in the harbour at Alexandria. These brave men had buoyed themselves up with the hope of reaching port and the best of attention. They just reached it too late. Out of a cargo of wounded of over one thousand only ten died, a splendid indication of the work of the doctors and nurses. Too much eulogy cannot be given them.

One word more. Some of us on board speculated upon our fortunes of meeting a submarine. We were exclusively carrying wounded, but nevertheless we were not registered as a hospital ship. The plight of these men if we were torpedoed can be discussed but hardly imagined.

CHAPTER II

ALEXANDRIA AS A WAR BASE

Alexandria as a war base had a peculiar interest of its own. In the first place it was transformed out of all recognition. The Alexandria I had left two years since had bulged with military importance. It boasted of having added much to its English vocabulary, and its public hoardings and private signs were written so that the vast crowd of its new khaki-clad inhabitants might read as they ran.

Not that they ever ran. The big crowd of soldiers—invalids, convalescent and recovered, as well as those who had yet to see the fighting "across the way"—sauntered with carefully measured strides along the main street (and Alexandria possesses many main streets), stopping, in crowds only, at tobacconists', a brasserie (sometimes), and bootblack parlours—which to us in England would be accounted a luxury. They crowd off tramcars, after a splendid run on an open-air car from the suburbs, where many of the camps, hospitals and open-air con-

valescent homes are situated—Mustapha, Carlton, Ramleh, St. Stefano, Victoria. Then they cut their way through the Rue de Ramleh, and branch off until they reach the Square. Mohammed Ali Square became the recognised halting-place of the uninitiated visitor.

"Whar go, sir?" asked the garry driver (nobody ever called it "arabeyeh"), and you promptly answered "Square"—or most often the question was unnecessary. "Square, yes," said the man, and drove off, confident but unanswered.

In the big square you could buy anything and everything, from an Egyptian mummy to a green water-melon. There was the Bourse, imposing and important—but nobody ever took any notice of that, except to refer to it as a landmark. The big outfitters were more interesting. In the ordinary course of events they would be offering you white linen summer suits, white helmets and white shoes. In these days white is given completely over to khaki tunics, helmets, etc.

Everything you had lost in the fight on the Peninsula—even your regimental badges—could be picked up here; but that did not exhaust the attractions of the Square by any means. It was its proximity to other places of convenience that

made it "Alexandria" to the troops. In the narrow, busy turning running at right angles to the Bourse was the Base Post Office, perhaps the best-organised department of the Army. It is a sort of a Lourdes to the wounded. All roads lead to it. A letter or two handed over its counter effected most wonderful cures. Men with leg wounds bounded down the steps to their carriages, to whirl away to a quiet place where they might read. Irritable men became patience itself, waiting at that counter while search was made. Fellows with their hands wounded easily grasp the letters and stow them away quickly as a priceless treasure—or in case the postmaster may want them back.

Letters follow troops everywhere — from home to camp, from camp to transport, from Mudros to Imbros, from Imbros to the Peninsula, from there to clearing hospital, from there to Alexandria, from Alexandria to the hospital, and any subsequent place where you may have shifted. Of course this takes time, but a surprisingly short time, and the letters eventually get to you. Everybody I came across would one day or other exhaust the subject of letters, but I heard comparatively few complaints. Parcels? Well, that has nothing to do with the Post Office. The last mail consisted of 1,050 bags,

each containing letters and newspapers of one to two hundred. In less than a day they were ready for distribution.

Another important rendezvous in Alexandria is the paymaster's and the military banker's! Occasional visits of officers and men bring back smiles and a fuller purse.

Those whimperers who place the gloomiest interpretation on figures would put a little less reliance on statistics if they came to the commercial capital of Egypt. Around the numerous cafés are crowds of "sick" soldiers eating rich pastries and ices in quantities which would bring envy to their dyspeptic sympathisers at home. Everybody meets some day or another at a fashionable tea-place in highway or town. There is none of the absurd fussiness with which the unhappy soldier is met when he reaches home. No sentimental tears are shed over him by strangers. He takes his misfortunes in a manner becoming a British soldier and a man of the world, and when he recovers, as he does in a very short while, he goes over to the Peninsula and "carries on" again.

To be sure, I came across the inevitable soldier who is "glad to get away." But he was a remarkable exception. The gloomy have taken care to meet him in London, too. They

probably greet the soldier with a sickly, sentimental smile, and say, in a voice of heartfelt sympathy: "I suppose, poor fellow, you've had enough of it?"

One day I talked to some of the men at length on the seriousness of this tendency. "You're fully-trained men," I said. "You're all volunteers. It has taken months and months to bring you up to the pitch, and now do you tell me you'd rather go home?" Said one:

"Of course, it's only fun, you know. I wouldn't miss seeing the end of this for worlds." And I believed him. It was only the suggestiveness of "good form" that had led him and others to a dangerous degree of affectation.

CHAPTER III

AT ALEXANDRIA

1

RAS-EL-TIN MILITARY HOSPITAL

This is a barracks hastily turned into a hospital ward. You would scarcely believe it. Its appearance belies it. It might have been a hospital ward for years. There are twenty-two patients, all, with two exceptions, from the Territorial armies—country gentlemen born to lead men and quietly proud of the part they took in the new landings. No two men represent the same regiments. Essex, Middlesex, Lancashire and a dozen other counties may all claim honour through these men; each has done his bit and done it well. It is a happy ward, and for that matter is fairly indicative of the wards in all the hospitals in the Dardanelles and in Egypt. The wounds are not so bad; breaks, fractures and flesh wounds revealing remarkable escapes. Only two are able to leave their beds, a major with a useless foot who

insists upon hopping to his objectives, and a young subaltern from Cambridge with a wound that just missed his windpipe. As he put it, "he got it in the neck." An interesting case is a young man with half his fore-arm blown out by a bomb. Almost hopeless, it seemed, to save the arm. But the energetic Scots doctor finds time somehow to fight step by step the mortifying tendencies of the wound. All of us seem to feel an interest in this case, watching the persistent and painful minor operations eagerly. How can you make half an arm into a whole one? you ask. In a week we have seen the answer. The arm is saved and is healing. Presently the miracle will be *un fait accompli.*

I was surprised to learn from some of the cheerful men that their bullets had not yet been extracted. The same cheerful indifference that one saw on the battlefield is exhibited here. Not a murmur. In the whole of the hospital pain is overshadowed by a determination to be jolly. Only once I heard a groan from a man whose chest and lungs had been penetrated.

And the nurses? Well, luck rules on the field of battle and also in the sick chambers. If a man's in luck he gets a painstaking doctor, a well-equipped hospital, and a pretty nurse.

Whenever the invalids meet in town this is the absorbing topic. Ras-el-Tin is only for the lucky man.

Night in the ward of the wounded officers presents a weird picture. The bustling day sisters and orderlies have retired to a well-earned rest, and the night orderly is on duty. He sits at the far end of the ward encased in a screen of red which throws off a reflection that contrasts singularly with the gloom at the other end. You watch it until it begins to fascinate. Then an agonising cry from another ward affects you like an electric shock, and you begin to feel a fearful loneliness in your surroundings. You have heard that same toneless cry from the very same man day after day. You know it is more a mechanical than a conscious cry of pain. Yet to-night it has an echo of melancholy hopelessness. Everything is so sad, so empty.

But now the reflection of red bids you give heed again. It begins to assume fantastic shapes, throwing off lines of regiments and Turkish landscape that have become too familiar. See, here is Achi Baba enveloped in flames, and our men—in scarlet uniform—have dashed to the summit heedless of the flames. . . . Then the cry of the man in the next ward interposes and juggles with the reflection for supremacy.

For a moment you throw off its influences and glance hurriedly to the gloomy end of the ward. There sure enough is a white figure moving. But it strikes no terror into you. Instead, you regard it with interest, noting its doubled-up form. A ghost in pain, you think, and the idea amuses you. Presently the restless figure in white turns over and falls asleep again. You turn with a start. A white figure is standing by your bedside. You do not, even in your feverish state, mistake it this time. The smiling face of a pretty night nurse is, happily enough, quite worldly. "Not asleep," she says; "I'll have to give you morphia!" and she leaves you to juggle with the regiment in scarlet assaulting Achi Baba, a ghost in pain, a huge needle which tries to prick morphia into you, and a voice of pain which grows so threatening that you wake again in a sweat of fear.

2

THE "TWOERS"

Among the officers and men here in this hospital are some whose total number of days of actual fighting is two. We called them "twoers." These two-day-Terriers had trained for about a year and then had the misfortune

to be knocked over before, as one of them put it, "one had had time to work up an appetite —for the Turks."

The majority of them, however, have wounds of a slight nature, and, in view of their first taste of war, will soon become well again and make very valuable soldiers. The others, however, whose injuries necessitate a journey home, are already discussing the probable date of sailing of the next ship. Ships are few, however, and many promises by the doctors are unable to be fulfilled. First it was a transport which was coming, then a hospital ship. Those who could walk were to be given their well-earned respite on the transport, while the stretcher cases were to board a hospital ship. Neither one nor the other was available at the promised time, so that the time was whiled away by discussion on the relative comforts of the two vessels. Some voted for the transport, others for the hospital ship, each backing up his reasons with cases in point.

But they were all wrong. There was no rule in the matter; it was purely a question of luck. The transport which took some men from the Peninsula to Alexandria was palatial, while on the hospital ship that took us to England rules were more abundant than comforts.

3

THREE PLAGUES

THE man who has reached here *via* the fighting line has had to become fully acquainted with various kinds of winged plagues. At the front he had a variety of them, but the most tormenting of all was the flies. When he escaped them by embarking for the shores of Egypt he was well rid of the flies for the moment, but instead he had, as fellow-passenger, the cockroach. Which was the more preferable was as difficult to decide as between the heat of the Peninsula and the extreme cold of Flanders.

Upon reaching the shores of Egypt, however, he was well rid of both nuisances. Then the third plague of Egypt came. It was the ubiquitous mosquito, and Tommy had to look forward to his return to England's shores in order to be free from them all.

4

STORIES IN BRIEF

THE stories of the elusive sniper continue to abound. The man who came across this morning with me told me that he and two officers captured a woman sniper who had five

hundred identification discs on her. Thirty-five of them belonged to officers. In this connection it may be permissible to mention the most popular story in the Eastern Mediterranean—popular, too, amongst the Staff, at whose expense the story was concocted. In the hospital here one hears it ranks highest of all "yarns."

One of these snipers was brought before a Staff officer, and searched. He was found to be possessed of a considerable sum of money, as well as a large number of identification discs.

"Where did you get that money from?" demanded the officer.

"Oh, sir," replied the man in broken English, "we get paid for each disc we take from the men we have shot."

The interest of the officer was roused.

"How much do you get?" he asked.

"For a private," was the reply, "we get ten piastres; for a non-commissioned officer, fifty piastres; and for an officer, thirty piastres."

The Staff officer then asked him:

"But how much do you get for shooting Staff officers?"

The man did not grasp his meaning.

"You know," explained the officer, "men with red on their lapels—like this."

Immediately the poor Turk raised up his hands in solemn protest: "Oh, no, sir, we get punished if we shoot them!"

* * * * *

The telling illustration of the bored knut, whose blasé temperament is not always assumed, was mentioned by the officers to-day at the breakfast-table.

"Always bored, he was," said one.

"And a jolly nice chap," said another; "nothing roused him, and he was always of equable temper."

"I suppose you know what became of him?" said a third.

"Still across the way, isn't he?" said the two men in unison.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "After he had got us settled down in the trenches (and we were all glad to have a rest, for you know what a tussle it was, and that it was necessary to have rest before the Turks attacked), old Marsham said in his usual drawl: 'I think I shall go up there and have a look round.'

"Of course it was simply madness to go up that hill. It was under perpetual fire; but Marsham strolled up in his languid way, and

was 'got' before he had reached half-way. It was just like him."

* * * * *

"Do you know in the actual landing that the total casualties in our lot were about four? It was so easy that either the Turks were absent or asleep or else permitted us to land. We easily drove back their outposts, but next day they came down in great force to drive us into the sea. That, of course, altogether failed. It would be absolutely impossible for the Turks to have driven us back farther once we obtained our hold, so strong was our position."

The brigade mentioned by the narrator was fighting two days without sleep, and with very little food.

"The men were quite freshers, not having been on a battlefield before. Many of them had spent about a month on different ships, and had very little exercise beyond that which the cramped space permitted. Their colonel, however, set an excellent example by his fearless spirit, which the men were not slow in following. This brigade, I think, consisted of the Yorkshires, the Suffolks, the Bedfords, and the Middlesex."

* * * * *

Several men who came over on the *Clan MacIlvray*, the hospital ship which had taken up a position astride Suvla Bay, ask me to emphasise the splendid spirit and indomitable energy of the nurses and doctors.

They worked eighteen hours on, with six hours' rest, these nurses, and were contemptuous of the bombs which were dropped from hostile aeroplanes—whose disregard of the Red Cross clearly showed that the pilots were German, not Turkish.

* * * * *

The Colonial whose wound was recorded as being serious enough for him to be invalided had a few words with his medical adviser, and after a little heat was left behind.

"I am not going, and that's the end of it," said the Colonial.

"But you had better, old chap," said the R.A.M.C. man; "the war will still go on without you."

"What, me go and leave my squadron with a subordinate officer in charge? No d——d fear," and he stayed behind. I give that as one of many instances of the Colonial fighting spirit.

* * * * *

There is another little story which I was rather chary about accepting as gospel, but which has since been vouched for. In front of one of our trenches was a cluster of Turks safely dug in, and no amount of firing could oust them. Presently there was a lull, and one of the Territorial captains, who had spent some time in Turkey and Egypt, suddenly got up and, clapping his hands in the truly Oriental fashion, shouted out:

"Ta'ala henna!" (Come here!)

After a minute or two a Turk clambered into the open and came towards our trench. The captain went to meet him. Immediately the Turk, who spoke French, fell on his knees and, clasping the hand of the captain, kissed it passionately. Then he called the other Turks, about twenty of whom filed out to be made prisoners.

* * * * *

"The unfortunate part about this Suvla Bay fighting," said a scholarly-looking fellow, "was that it gave you no time to decivilise. We were treated like lords on the transport coming out, so that the jump from luxury to killing on a half-empty stomach took us a bit by surprise, for we imagined that we would have a day or two in the trenches to become

inured to conditions. Instead, we had open field fighting before we had a chance of learning to hate the Turk."

* * * * *

The amazing escapade of a submarine commander which I have narrated may or may not have been published. I only know that when I submitted it to the censor it was obliterated, for what reason goodness only knows!

It seems that one of our submarines came across three enemy ships laden with merchandise of various descriptions. The commander called upon these ships to stop, which they did. He then informed the captain of the vessel that he was going to board them, whereupon he was invited to do so. Upon reaching the side of the vessel he climbed aboard, and was helped by one of the officers, who looked like a German.

This man gave the submarine commander his right hand to grasp as he clambered over the rail, but with his left hand suddenly whipped out a revolver and fired pointblank at the unsuspecting British officer. By a miraculous piece of good fortune the revolver missed fire, and the officer quickly clambered back into the boat below. Then suddenly from nowhere some 40-pounder guns were brought out and

trained on the submarine. But not one shot got home, and the submarine commander, quickly getting below, dived his vessel and torpedoed the three boats with all hands.

* * * * *

I ought to include another stirring submarine story which has not been published. One of our excellent craft had an exciting time shadowing a Turkish convoy of eight sailing ships. They were being drawn by two tugs and looked after by a destroyer. It was a "great game" (in the words of the narrator who took part) watching the destroyer dash backwards and forwards, apparently conscious of our hidden presence. Suddenly something went wrong with one of the tugs, and the destroyer, with much concern, dashed back to her charge—only to see it blown up by a well-directed torpedo. A second torpedo just narrowly missed the destroyer herself. For this she had to thank a timely wave. Her state of nervousness was not improved by seeing two of the sailing ships blown up before her eyes. Finally, the whole convoy, sailing ships, tug and destroyer, scattered and bolted to shore, and their little trip was thus indefinitely postponed.

* * * * *

To go back to the land operations:

Another story of mine which was censored concerned two of our indomitable scouts, about whom little has been heard in this campaign. The risks these fellows run are tremendous. Some succeeded in getting well behind the Turkish lines, and escapes have been made by mere hair-breadths.

Two of our men, young, bright Englishmen, dressed up as Turks, and succeeded in getting into the Turkish lines, obtaining valuable information. On their way back they all but succeeded in blowing up a big Turkish gun.

* * * * *

The general commanding the Alexandria base and his aide-de-camp came aboard the *Euripides* and lunched with us. The general told with much amusement the difficulty he had in passing the sentry who stood at the top of the companion ladder.

"My orders is, sir," said the enterprising soldier, "not to let anybody come aboard this here boat without a pass, and as you ain't got one, sir, you can't come aboard." The general, however, obtained reinforcements in the shape of a couple of the ship's officers, and got aboard that way.

* * * * *

When our little ship had filled itself up with hundreds of our wounded, and the last boat-load of them had come aboard, the gangway was still open.

"For whom was that?" it was asked; and in a few minutes everybody was surprised to see a number of weary and worn Turks clamber up the ladder, walk spiritlessly past the wounded British Tommies, to a corner which had been reserved for them. It was a curious reflection. About the same time yesterday we had been shooting at these chaps and trying to get at them. Now some of these same men, wounded, were aboard the same hospital ship. It was a relief to the picture of pathos to find some Turks growling, and being smiled at in return.

* * * * *

The romances of war do not all of them spring from the pen of the novelist. We had two cases on our short trip from the Peninsula to Alexandria. One of the nurses and a slightly wounded officer "hit it" very well, and it was understood that before they parted a formal engagement of marriage was entered into.

The other instance was even more striking. One of the hard-worked medical officers aboard was eagerly inquiring about his brother, a

sergeant in a Dublin regiment, whom he had not seen for a considerable time. As the ship was leaving for Australia, it would be a long time before he had the chance to see him again, and the M.O. was frantic in his inquiries about him.

Five minutes before the ship sailed a stretcher case came aboard. It was the M.O.'s lost brother!

* * * * *

I believe I have, in some of my dispatches home, emphasised the great value of shrapnel. In the general demand for high explosive shells the importance of shrapnel seems to have been overlooked. Of course, high explosive shrapnel is an excellent combination, and it was with this kind of shell that the Turks reaped a harvest. The Dublins particularly came under them upon landing, but under this intense fire they continued to dash along, and succeeded in reaching the summit of Chocolate Hill. One man told me that about a gross of gramophone record needles exploded from one of the Turkish shells.

* * * * *

In these wards there is none of the gloom which the uninitiated associates with a hospital. Fun is always fast, and ofttimes furious. Take

the story of the irascible colonel in the next ward to ours.

The irascible colonel: "Sister, are those plates hot?"

Meek Sister: "Yes, colonel, they are hot."

"Well, they ought to be very hot."

"Yes, colonel, they are very hot."

Irascible colonel (not to be denied): "Well, Sister, they ought to be d——d hot!"

* * * * *

The irascible colonel is, nevertheless, a dear old fellow, and has an eye to the comfort of his younger officers.

"Sister," he calls again, "have you any finger bowls for the officers?"

"No, colonel," came the demure reply, "and no champagne glasses either!"

CHAPTER IV

GRUESOME STORIES

Occasionally the topic at the breakfast table took a gruesome turn. You became used, by the by, to the kind of talk which in civilised times would bring down the roof with reproach.

To-day we talked of awful wounds. The signaller commander had a number of illustrations which at first made the blood turn cold.

"You remember that shell at the signal station," he said, turning to a brother officer who had been stationed not very far off, "when six men were fairly caught by it. They had just come in from a bathe, and were sitting with their backs towards Olive Ridge. The six of them became such a jumbled mess of torn flesh that you could never recognise them as human."

"Well, the fellows on the trawler two weeks before the new landing had a pretty rough time," asserted another officer. "One man—a doctor—had his two legs almost severed. His feet were blown away, and his legs were hang-

ing on by a couple of inches of flesh. But, by Jove, he had himself under control. He directed what should be done with him. 'I am feeling no pain, only a numbness,' he said. Presently he lost consciousness, and the doctor who came to inspect the wounded gave only one glance at his wounds to know he would not be wanted. It was when he passed on his return and glanced again at the man who was dead that he looked closely at him and found he was his best pal."

"I heard of a man," I interposed, "who had his head blown off and his animated body continued to walk about eight paces."

"That's quite correct. It happened about fifty yards from our station. No, the man was not in action. He was simply walking about when the shell took his head off. He continued his walk—about from this table to the door" (a distance of a dozen yards) "and then collapsed."

"Maybe you have already heard the terrible story of the burning bush?" The mention of this particular incident loosens a dozen eager tongues. Filled with horror, these men were anxious to unburden themselves of this nightmare. Each helped in telling the narrative, which, however, I shall not render in detail.

Suffice it to say that in the great advance at Suvla a whole line of bushes caught fire. Whether this was caused by shell-fire, or whether the Turks deliberately accomplished this dastardly trick, nobody can say. But those who live will never forget the agonising cries of the wounded who crawled into the bush for security and found themselves helpless in a blazing inferno.

* * * * *

The Colonial major—a civil service engineer—was very grave as he spoke to-night.

"Some of the scenes," he said, "are simply indescribable. One man had his whole leg and half his stomach blown away. We could see his heart and practically the whole of his inside. He suddenly got up and looked at his dreadful wounds, and then fell back dead. Another man had two shrapnel wounds—one through his heart and the other through his brain."

The Colonials on the beach certainly had no pleasant time.

"I suppose I ought to think it was hell," a young captain said, "but all the same I wish I was back there."

Bombs, too, were devilish agents.

"You know the man who went mad imagining he was throwing bombs? Well, that was

the chap who caught a Turkish bomb in his shirt, next to his chest. He pulled it out quickly and threw it away, blowing his neighbour's head off—a pal of his. Any amount of chaps did themselves in by hitting the back of their trenches when in the act of throwing bombs."

We spoke, too, of the wounded and the dying in front of the firing line.

"The stench, even miles away, was awful. Lately it has been better, for we sprayed them with lime. We threw bags of disinfectant out on them too. It is when a body has become inflated and a bullet hits it that the smell becomes worst."

I turned in after this.

CHAPTER V

GREAT CHARGES

Eastern Mediterranean, September.

THE great story of the new landings on the Gallipoli Peninsula has been told, but the greater story remains to take its place among the stirring episodes of this wonderful campaign. A non-participating eye-witness makes too dispassionate, too discerning a narrator; only the men who actually lead the great charges—leaders who were to be given their first taste of war even as the masses they controlled—only these can tell from the heart as well as from the eye.

The narratives I give below are compiled from the hundreds of stories I heard at the officers' breakfast table on the *Euripides*.

They are not striplings these maimed but masterful men. They are men nearer the thirties and some past them.

Reserved and modest, they wanted bringing out. But since each of them had a story to tell, and time and place favoured the occasion,

tongues were unloosened. A major in the Royal Welsh was the first speaker. He addressed his remarks particularly to me as a non-combatant.

"Only the man who leads can experience the sensation of his life at the first charge," he said. "It is neither fear, excitement, nor the novelty. It is simply a great fatherly anxiety and pride in the men whom you have watched from their infancy in soldiering to maturity. I never knew how closely allied in heart and soul I was with my men until the moment when I gave the order to 'charge.' 'How will they shape? How will they conduct themselves?' These questions came uppermost and with insistence in my mind. Nothing else seemed to matter. . . . It seemed to me that we were in a huge arena with everybody in the world watching us breathlessly, saying, 'Now we shall see what the Royal Welsh are made of.' . . . And then they—and I—saw what they were made of. Mind you, the men were dead beat. The rapid advance and the preliminary fighting had taken it all out of them, and even glory is a poor antidote to exhaustion.

"We were supposed to be relieved, but the brigade in reserve was done up. So we had to

go on. When we thought we had just about done enough for the time being, we were warned that another difficult trench was to be taken. From a prominence we could see the Turks concentrating. They looked like a multitude of ants. Their number was overwhelming. . . .

"The Welsh Headquarters Staff were in the firing line, and it was at half-past three in the morning that the general came along and spoke a few words of encouragement to the men. The brief, simple address, delivered by a man who showed he was not afraid of his own life by standing on the parapet as he spoke, acted like a tonic on the men. I saw the glint in their eyes and the determined clutch on their rifles. . . .

"Five o'clock came, and I gave the word. With a cheer that still rings in my ears the men bounded forward. Nothing could stop them. The Turks literally flew. The slaughter was terrible. . . ."

The major stopped.

"And what happened in the end?" I asked.

"Oh, reinforcements failed to come to our aid. We held on as long as we could. But that wasn't very long."

"Yes, battle is a wonderful tonic," he added reflectively.

The Welsh did some more fierce fighting next day, and positions were won, lost, and won again. It was always an uphill fight, but the Terriers fought stubbornly and came out of the ordeal of their lives very creditably.

"It was wonderful to see how the men carried on when scarcely an officer or non-com. was left," said a Manchester subaltern. "They all seemed so anxious to get into close quarters with the Turks—to bayonet them—that I had a great difficulty in restraining them at times. Our boys tried alone to take a ridge on the left —and very nearly did! The Manchesters and Lancashire Fusiliers went ashore together, but I believe we landed a little farther south than was intended. The result was we had to swim ashore—which everybody cheerfully did. To us, at any rate, the rehearsed landing and the actual thing were very different matters. It was no easy job for chaps unused to fire to swim in six feet of water under brisk rifle- and shrapnel-fire."

He laughed away the difficulty.

"We got ashore all right," he continued, "and formed up on the head heedless of the Turks, while the Lancashire Fusiliers began a systematic clearing of the enemy in front. It was about midnight, and we began our move in pitch darkness. It was wonderful how our

fellows managed to restrain themselves by not firing. We were ordered to make no noise, but 'work quietly' in the dark. So when we came across parties of Turks we just rounded 'em up and did 'em in.

"When daylight came we set to work to get the guns a-going. We took cover just under Hill 16, and then the Munsters came up before we made a concerted and very successful dash. One more valley—one more hill, and so it went on until we were relieved by the Inniskillings."

They had met with strong opposition as they proceeded, and at one spot had five officers shot—probably by snipers.

"Did ye hear of Major Bates?" breaks in a keen young man with three stars and a broad dialect. "Well, the major was leading his men —the Manchesters—when he was hit, pretty badly, in the stomach, head and leg. It was enough to knock out any ordinary man. But the major continued to lead his company up the ridge until he was mortally wounded."

"Yes," says somebody at the other end of the table, "he set an example to the men. In the trenches shortly after 'Dubby' was hit in the head, carried on, and first got blind and then mad before dying."

The man called for more coffee.

CHAPTER VI

A PICTURE OF NIGHT

From the hand of a dying subaltern on the Suvla battlefield—a young, keen-looking fellow who wore pince-nez—I took, at his request, the following. It is headed :

NIGHT

"Gradually the dazzling sunlight faded, retreating before the oncoming shades of evening. Men shifted restlessly on the ground, shifted to ease their cramped and stiffened limbs. Near by me a wounded man groaned, and the snipers' bullets whistled overhead, threatening the unwary man who raised his head from behind the scanty cover of the scattered rocks. Rapidly the night descended, and with a sigh of relief the man next me turned on his back and sat up, stretching his poor aching back under cover of the gathering darkness. Then a scream broke out almost in my ear, and he rolled on his side, the blood bespattering my tunic, and my eyes met his stained face with its gaping eyes and clenched teeth.

A Picture of Night

"I lit a cigarette—my last till day dawned now—and waited for utter darkness before I moved. Then I walked round the edge of the little hill and took stock of my men. I spread them out round our little fortress, told them to dig cover for themselves, and wondered how long we could hold out.

"A moan came to my ears from the hill-top. 'Stretcher-bearer!'—a moan ended by a gasp and a sob; some poor soul was there, and I climbed up towards the sound, almost falling over his prostrate form. Close to him lay another. Then the voice came again, this time more controlled. 'This way, sir!' it said; 'no, not him—he's dead. I've been here six hours with a broken leg, sir—can't you get a stretcher-bearer?' I told him I had sent for one—though God knows it could not have reached us there.

"Then another voice spoke to me out of the darkness. 'Who are you?' it said. I told him. 'Your adjutant is coming back in a bit,' it volunteered cheerfully; 'he's bringing some men with him.'

"We talked over the situation.

"Then, against the little strip of moon, a figure appeared silhouetted against the sky. I recognised the form and gait though the face was still in gloom. 'Good evening, sir,' I said.

The figure groped towards me, tripped over something that moaned in reply, and presently was by my side. We went over the whole hill. and I received my orders.

"Then again the weary round. And every time the voices heard a step the cry went up anew: 'Stretcher-bearer—stretcher-bearer, for God's sake, water.'

"On the other side of the hill I found the Medical Officer. The officer turned his face to me, and the moonlight shone on it. 'Hallo,' he said, 'you here!' There was a strange lack of life in its tone, and I turned to find the reason. There by him were two of his men curled up and dead. 'They were on each side of me, and a shell burst over us,' he said. The air was full of the sound of pick and spade meeting stony earth, and I knew that by morning the little garrison would be out of sight and burrowed into the ground. Then I slept awhile. When I woke the chill morning wind was wafting the smell of the battlefield over us again, and the sky was a wondrous dome of delicate shades. The sun rose from behind the hills opposite us, and the day came with a rush. A sniper's bullet whistled overhead, and I crawled into our shallow trench—all that stood between us and death—to wait for the night to come again."

CHAPTER VII

ON A HOSPITAL SHIP

Mr. Redmond has told us to send the "All is lost" brigade to the trenches. But why the trenches, where they would only be in the way? After a month of hospital ships under shell-fire and over seas in which danger always lurked, I can safely recommend this more convenient cure for pessimism.

A journey amid a cargo of the sick and the maimed from the Peninsula to Egypt, and from thence to England, home and hospital, is an education which even the trenches fail to give.

Here you have the wounded warrior fresh from his experiences, cut off for the nonce from any interfering influences.

If the affidavit of wounded soldiers is evidence, let it be untampered with and uninfluenced. Those who throughout the whole of this difficult campaign have played bogy with the public, who looked up to them as guides, have made full use of this source of information.

"Let the Government beware," they said, with the ominous forefinger shake of a goblin, "let them look out, for the *wounded are beginning to talk.*"

The italics were theirs, in harmonious contrast with their blazing headlines.

Well, the wounded have talked, and if their accounts in London have differed from those I have given you from the scene of action, an explanation is easily forthcoming. Their stories to me were given in the purified atmosphere of the Mediterranean, while the alarmist and exaggerated stories were told in the poisonous and depressing atmosphere of London.

Let those who would have the truth take their choice of the tales.

* * * * *

We have been aboard the hospital trawler which picked up wounded from the Peninsula and was under shell-fire while taking the wounded aboard. The men, grouped together on the decks, or lying side by side on stretchers, were indifferent to these parting shots from Asia or Achi Baba.

What do the men talk about? Hardships? Mistakes? Traitorous Government? Do they whimper that because they failed the blood of

their comrades is on the heads of those who sent them?

They do not.

They leave that kind of unmanly talk to those who get their information about the war from over-zealous newspapers and prejudiced politicians.

The men who paid for the incomplete victory at Suvla Bay spoke of great charges, valiant conduct of "pals," of all-but-crowning victory. They were the kind of men who were never defeated, soldiers cognisant that victory does not always go to the side that most expects it. They were of the old type of British soldier "who never say die."

Such were the men as I saw them, fresh from the horrors of the battlefield, wincing sometimes with pain, bespattered with their own blood, and with the blood of their comrades.

They were different men after a week's nourishing with the sympathy of the "All is lost" brigade at home.

* * * * *

Now we board another hospital ship, which takes us from the busy port of Alexandria homewards. Here are the officers who led the men we saw on the hospital trawler. This par-

ticular ship conveys stretcher cases only. But the change from stench, heat and dust to the cool, calm waters works miracles upon imprisoned men. After a day or two some get up, and with the aid of crutches (and the ever ready nurses) limp their way to a seat on deck. As conditions improve, the helpless are carried above upon stretchers, and eat their meals in the open, sunny air. A few days more, and the cripples are playing deck quoits. One bright young subaltern played a splendid game, all the time leaning for support on a crutch. Others loll about in the lounge, making the most of the ship's gramophone.

Tastes in music varied, you may be certain, and we got to know by the tunes who were the operators. If it piped the catchy refrain of a ragged rag-time, be sure it was young Simkins, Piccadilly "knut," a bomber and a winner in the mileage sweepstakes. If it was a melancholy love-song, it was shock-haired Baldwin, who comes from a University and writes verses.

Then there were the bagpipes, dirges to everybody but the group of gallant fellows—Scots, of course—who insisted upon playing them.

Here is another group of officers continuing in a heated manner a three days' argument

on the time-worn problem of relationship: "Sisters and brothers have I none, yet that man's father was my father's son." Try and escape being caught into the vortex of this discussion. You may as well try to escape a sniper! I was caught in and was converted three times in as many days.

In the smoke-room, cards and cocktails. Across the barriers, where the men are, singing and joking. Where is the depression? What chance has the "All is lost" brigade here? Such would have been made to join the shoal of irresponsible flying fish in very short time.

These men were perfectly conscious that they had failed in their objective at Suvla. Yet they were game, and spoke of the probable date of an entry into Constantinople. Only one little fellow at breakfast said to me: "Say, old chap, do you think it a wash-out?" And somebody threw a piece of sugar at him!

CHAPTER VIII

WITH THE WOUNDED IN LONDON

WHY are wounded soldiers not cheered? Much philosophy and indignation have been spent by well-meaning people at home on the apparent apathy of the great British public in regard to the maimed heroes.

"Disgraceful lack of spirit!" one prominent publicist told me. He had seen the Red Cross train enter Charing Cross, and saw the pale men limping from the station to the ambulance cars, and the large crowd of civilians who watched never raised a single cheer.

"And what did *you* do?" I asked him suddenly.

He seemed flabbergasted.

"My dear fellow," he ventured at length, "I couldn't cheer alone."

When I reached Victoria from Southampton, in company of a boat-load of Dardanelles heroes, a big crowd was waiting at the barrier, some with eyes staring eagerly, others with faces taut. There was no apathy about this

crowd; there was a hush of awe that was more eloquent than cheers. And if somebody had set the ball rolling and had given the crowd a lead, as our well-meaning critic did not, some of those cheers would have been hoarse. And such was the atmosphere that not one man of us expected a noisy demonstration.

There is, to be sure, the insurmountable shyness which is the characteristic of no one nation in particular. We have seen that even the French are not so demonstrative as one is led to believe. It is indicative of the desire not to be prominent which is inherent in mankind generally.

In a London club recently I saw on the notice board a spirited protest from a new member who complained of the lack of camaraderie of older members. Next day appeared the reply of "an old member" in a nervous scrawl:

"Cheer up, new 'un; we're as bashful as you are."

The little children who waved to us as the train dashed by the most beautiful landscape in the world (so it seemed to us returned travellers) pleased us more than words can express, but few of us returned the greetings. One fellow who stood by the window engaged in this

pleasing occupation of waving was referred to good-humouredly as "You in the limelight!"

Have no fear! The British public has come up to the scratch in a marvellous manner.

To meet in London some of the men you met under very different conditions at the seat of war is another study in our national characteristics.

First let me mention the expeditious manner in which the wounded are dealt with on reaching home. The ladies in the blue coats with the Red C bands are, without exaggeration, ministering angels, and the men from the War Office get you through with courtesy but firmness.

You may feel well enough to proceed home; you may, in fact, have been "boarded" already; you may be "fed up" with hospitals and nursing; but you still have to go to another hospital in London to be "formally discharged," and within five minutes of reaching London you are being whirled away in one of the many motor-cars awaiting you.

Well, it was in Kensington Gardens a few days later that I met some of the boys again. When I had last seen them one was wearing a pair of "shorts" and no stockings. He had motored to one of the big stores wearing an

overcoat, which strengthened the illusion that he was *sans* everything else.

"I had to impress the lady who served me," he said, "that such was not the case."

Now he was bedecked in a brand-new uniform, cap, badge and everything else, and he looked like a fresher instead of a two-star man, with every prospect of a third. This boy with a girlish face, which always expressed happiness, told me the thrilling story which I have included in this volume.

The other fellows were in mufti, in the uniform of "knuts" again. Some limped, but others gave no indication of having done their big bit.

At least one of them was placed in an embarrassing position as a result. He was the Colonial major I mentioned as bouncing into the clearing hospital station at Imbros with a double-fractured arm, and refusing to be regarded as crocked. He was ordered home—he, like many other Colonials, called England "home," although their actual homes were many thousands of miles away.

"I've never been home before," he exclaimed, "and, by Jove, it's deuced worth coming to."

He looked very different from the unshaved,

coatless farmer fellow in khaki I had known out there. Now he was neatly dressed in a West-End-made lounge suit and Trilby hat and doeskin gloves. He was standing at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue watching the seething crowds. I passed him without recognising him, so he promptly dug his cane between my ribs.

"Hallo, slacker," I said, the transformation being revealed to me.

"Slacker I am," he said, "for to people here a man in civilian attire is one. I was sitting in Hyde Park yesterday when I noticed two ladies and a little boy pass and repass, and I thought that the way they stared at me was rude and unbecoming. Presently they returned, and as they went on the little boy, prompted by the ladies, came up to my seat and gingerly handed me a white feather!"

I laughed, and so did the good-natured major.

"I didn't mind that so much, but yesterday at tea something of the same sort happened. I was sitting at tea with two famous Maori officers, and just as we were about finished a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, came up.

"Oh, we're just going," I said, offering my seat; and the man simply said: 'To the front, I hope.' I just glared at him, and then

saw the lady and bowed. I should have smashed his jaw if he had been alone; as it was, although only one of us was lame, we all three of us limped away, to the chagrin of the interfering idiot."

I mention this incident, first, in order to show that the men who have been to the front are shy about advertising the fact. Secondly, as a warning to the few absurd creatures, civilians themselves, who would do well at least to mind their own business.

* * * * *

I have already referred in brief terms to one or two little matters which made all the difference to the spirits of the men. Here I wish to emphasise the point with regard to music, in the hopes that this additional emphasis will be noticed by the authorities. Writing now, some months later in London, it seems to me more incomprehensible than ever that no music should have been provided to the worn-out troops at the Dardanelles. If there was ever need in any part of the theatres of war for this enlivening medicine, it was surely at Gallipoli, where all the elements hostile to the comforts of men were mobilised. Possibly a little music would have done much to minimise the depressed spirits of those who criticised the

operations. It certainly seemed to make a deal of difference to the men, for I saw them again, later on, in Egypt crowding round the orchestras in the cafés! They seemed transformed spiritually as well as physically.

Surely the great British public, whose thoughtfulness and generosity must amaze the cynical world—surely they were culpable of a strange nonchalance in this respect. It is perfectly true that war admits little or nothing of the refining elements; but to provide some cheering music for the troops to ward off the blues is as good generalship as it is to provide them with steel helmets to ward off shrapnel, or topees to keep off the sun. In the hospital wards and on the transports the gramophone, for want of a brass band or a pianist, was worn out with the use to which it was put. There would have been very little difficulty in providing the camps near the Peninsula with small bands. Many men told me that the only music they heard all the time they were out there came from the Turkish trenches. With those faint echoes they had to be content.

Possibly the people who are sunning themselves at the sea front next season will sacrifice their light valses and permit the "Tzigane" bands to go to the other front instead. . . . I

wish to add in this connection that a few bands were eventually sent to Gallipoli. This apparently was achieved when all the fighting was over. Certainly after I had left for home.

One final incident before I leave a task which has played very much with my emotions. Four months after the events I have chronicled I was walking on the pier of a seaside resort near London when I noticed a big ship lying at anchor a mile or so off. Somehow this vessel affected me strangely, and next day I learned it was the hospital ship that took us from Gallipoli to Alexandria. I had left the *Euripides* at the latter port, and it had gone on its way to Australia. One has strange meetings in war, but this seemed to me to be the strangest. That day I clambered over the sides of the ship to review the old scenes. Thank Heaven, it was all changed; but the spirits of the maimed and dying heroes seemed to linger and glorify the surroundings.

CHAPTER IX

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE R.A.M.C.

Before judgment can be passed on those who were responsible for the care of the sick and wounded at the Dardanelles, it is vitally necessary to examine carefully direct evidence from every available source. My own personal testimony would have been obviously insufficient upon which the public could be able to form an opinion on a very important matter.

There could be no graver indictment than a charge of muddling the medical department of a campaign. A commander may err on a point of strategy; an impetuous subordinate may throw hundreds of lives away valorously but indiscreetly. Such mistakes come easily within the plea which is recognised as the "fortune of war." But no such plea would for a moment be recognised were it made on the part of the Royal Army Medical Corps or the British Red Cross Society. Let our generals and their subordinates give our men impossible tasks, and there will be but a murmur compared

to the great public cry which would arise should it be proved that our heroes, maimed and sick, were left in suffering to fend for themselves while sundry medical officials in well-appointed offices in London were exclaiming the wonderful work they had accomplished.

It was, let me confess, with more than a suspicion of such amazing charges that I undertook to unbind the truth from the parcels of documentary evidence which, of course, were tied with miles of red tape. From such quite trustworthy evidence, and from my notes written from personal observation, I am able to give the truth about the medical arrangements at Gallipoli.

In the first place the unbiassed critic has to acknowledge, in this connection, as in every other line of criticism relating to the Expeditionary Force, the important underlying factor that conditions were unexampled in the difficulties they presented.

Sir Charles Monro, in his dispatch on the evacuation, has referred, in very outspoken terms, to the unparalleled military positions we occupied. It was a position "without depth" —a line which just fringed the coast. If the natural difficulties of the Peninsula were such as to have aroused the bewilderment and awe

of a famous general, we may reasonably assume that the work of life-saving was only accomplished under the most extreme hardship.

It would, indeed, be hard to conceive circumstances more adverse to the work of rendering aid to the stricken. The extremely limited space which could be utilised for rest camps and hospitals was no less a serious problem than was the means of transporting the sick and wounded thence.

From the trenches the wounded had to be carried to field dressing stations. Unlike the Western front, it was not a question of whisking the patients away from the sphere of operations to comparative safety. All the stages, slow and difficult, had to be accomplished under shell-fire. To evacuate the wounded from the Peninsula, lighters had to be brought into use—another tardy and trying matter—and these had to transfer their loads to the transports and hospital ships. The Turks never wantonly fired at hospital ships, but it was, of course, difficult for the gunners at Achi Baba and Asia to make out a transport which carried wounded. On the ship which conveyed me from the Peninsula were several hundred maimed heroes of the Suvla Bay fighting. While we awaited the little boats which

brought the wounded from the pier, in dozens and less, the ship narrowly missed being struck by shell-fire on several occasions. And we were well off the shore.

The criticism which I have often heard regarding the inadequate arrangements for the treatment of the sick and maimed can refer only to the earlier stages of the campaign. While there can be no doubt that at that time the medical arrangements were not sufficient to meet the tremendous demands made on the service, there can be equally no question that, as soon as the real state of affairs was realised, any shortcomings were speedily remedied. It may be accepted that the unusually heavy casualties at the initial landing overwhelmed the authorities. At that time Egypt and Malta offered comparatively little in the way of hospital accommodation; the provision of hospital ships was limited, and it was only in June, after Surgeon-General Babtie arrived at the Dardanelles, that sufficient hospitals were fitted out and sent, so that by the time the big actions at Suvla were fought the medical authorities were ready to deal with any emergency. Cairo and Alexandria had by that time grown up into veritable cities of hospitals, while the other resources of Egypt, such as

Luxor, Helouan, etc., were utilised to the fullest extent possible. Malta, too, was now ready to receive very large numbers of patients. Mudros, another of the few available spaces for hospital accommodation, was being developed. Hospitals and camps had meanwhile been established under circumstances of extreme difficulty, owing to the limitations imposed by the scarcity of materials, labour and water. Hospital huts were brought from England, water was supplied by the provision of a condensing plant, bacteriological laboratories were established, and a large number of hospital ships were sent out so as to permit the systematic evacuation of the sick and wounded to Egypt, Malta and England.

It was my misfortune to break down in the course of my duties on the Peninsula, and having contracted with the War Office to consider myself under military obligations, with the status of an officer, I had to pass through the whole formality of being treated with my combative friends. The truism about an ill wind refers even to a war correspondent. Making a virtue of necessity, I passed through all the wonderful formalities, the slow but sure stages from the war zone to field hospital, thence to trawler; again, on to the casualty clearing station, on to a hospital ship from

Imbros to Alexandria. Thence to the comfort of a real hospital—with nurses! On to another hospital ship homewards—to hospital in London! Let me say here that there appeared to be some difficulty in finding a correct medical term for the illness from which so many of our gallant men suffered. No doctor—and I spoke with several—seemed to be able to ascertain definitely the cause of the stomach troubles which, in a slight form, appeared to be almost general, but which rendered no mean number actually *hors de combat*. There were very few who escaped diarrhœa. Dysentery was a term lightly used, but which was discredited by many doctors after careful examination. In all these cases a uniform treatment was given: castor-oil and a little opium. Diet in severe stages consisted of milk—condensed, of course, there being no chance of obtaining fresh milk—and a hard biscuit.

The "fever" cases were thus treated, since there was no known category under which to place them. Thus the terms typhoid, enteric and typhus were freely used in cases where, obviously, some strange and less serious complaint existed.

It was interesting for a layman, no less than for the medical men at home, to follow the

splendid efforts of the doctors to arrive at some decision regarding these Eastern fevers. It was a problem which occupied every doctor. A chief medical officer on a hospital ship, who had had about thirty-five years' experience in the East, pooh-poohed the idea of serious fevers. "Do you think those men would walk about if they had either of those fevers?" he said. Yet the men were wasting in flesh and had all the appearance of a fever case. One clever medical student gave a curious term to these cases.

"Gallipoli influenza," he said it was. "You get the diarrhœa, the weakness, the temperature, and so on," he explained.

"A touch of local fever," another said. But whether it was caused by the flies, which were a serious pest, or the sand, which flew everywhere and into everything one ate, or the heat, which was sometimes torrid, or the water, which was always a puzzling problem, nobody at that time could say.

Yet the patients were always cheerful and gave little or no trouble. I sometimes wondered whether the medical cases would have received more treatment if they had given a little more trouble. On some of the hospital ships the surgical and medical cases were mixed

in the same stuffy wards. On our particular ship the officers and men were placed closely together in the well of the ship—where in normal times cargo is placed. The wounded, put close to the diagnosed fever cases, caused me some anxiety. I wonderingly asked of the doctors why this was permitted, and the answer was that there was no danger whatever. Strangely enough, however, the chief officer at the medical board which I formally attended in London asked me how it was that so many cases of dysentery were contracted on the hospital ships which brought the patients home.

I supplied a conclusive reply.

This leads me to the question that has been put to me again and again regarding the newly established "amateur hospitals." The clearing hospital in Imbros, which was composed of single bell-tents and marquees, was a model of military organisation. The colonel and the captain had the responsibility of treating more cases than it seemed possible to deal with. How they managed it all is a wonder to me. They dealt methodically and quickly with the arrivals fresh from the Peninsula, and then dispatched them to the base. We were sent aboard the converted hospital ship *Euripides*, a

new Aberdeen Line steamer, which gave one a remarkably refreshing atmosphere. It was she that conveyed us from the Peninsula to Alexandria, and the only fear was that, although she was a converted hospital ship, she was not regarded as such, and was liable to be torpedoed. We had, indeed, to prolong our stay at Mudros because of the presence of hostile submarines, which, however, were duly cleared away.

The ward in which I lay at Ras-el-Tin military hospital, in Alexandria, was a new one, having lately been part of a permanent barracks. In spite of this, nevertheless, the wounded were very well attended. A Scottish doctor—I forget his name—was indefatigable in his attention to the wounded. In regard to food there was only one complaint—that of a Welsh captain who had an aversion to chicken.

On the hospital ship *Glengorm Castle*—used alternately, through the initiative of the colonel in charge, for Indian and English wounded—the accommodation was hardly so good as that on the *Euripides*. Over forty officers—surgical and medical cases—were cast into the well of the ship, a state enough to aggravate one's illness. There were some clever young medical men on board who acted as dressers, but there

appeared to be nobody to give the much needed attention to the medical cases.

The untiring industry of the R.A.M.C. orderlies I have already mentioned, but I should like to emphasise their inexhaustible patience and cheerfulness in performing menial duties.

The arrangements for conveying the wounded from the ship at Southampton to various destinations in England were admirable. The difficulties of the Dardanelles had disappeared. In London, too, the reception was perfectly warm-hearted and well carried out.

The hospitals in London as distinguished from those in the Near East are naturally in striking contradistinction. At Queen Alexandra's Hospital, at Millbank, one had the first indication of good English treatment. I have heard men sneer—men who did not know—at the special private hospitals run for our wounded and sick at home. I can only say that, so far as some of the sick were concerned, no minute examination was given them until they actually reached some of these "amateurish-looking" private hospitals. I myself know of one serious nerve case who, by an off-chance, was sent *after his discharge* to the special hospital in Palace Green which is

run by Lord Knutsford and the War Office. Here, under the supervision of the sympathetic matron, Mrs. Cousins, and the medical officer in charge, Captain Woods—a very capable and untiring devotee—Dr. Guthrie, the well-known specialist, whose attention and sympathy were equal only to his ability, Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Dundas Grant, he was given for the first time complete rest—a methodical and systematic treatment which, after the experience of about a dozen hospitals, came to him in the nature of a surprise. It is not always necessary for a doctor to go to the front to deserve mention in dispatches.

To return to the conditions at the Dardanelles.

With the November blizzard came increased difficulties. The effects from purely a military standpoint were temporary. But not so from the medical standpoint. Trenches and dug-outs were swamped. Our men, drenched to the skin, as were the Turks, had to remain in the open, without shelter, at the mercy of the elements and exposed to icy winds. There was no question of foes shooting each other, although they were within a stone's throw of each other, fully in view. The conditions were unprecedented and unexpected, but much of

the accommodation reserved for the wounded was, fortunately, available for men suffering from frostbite and exposure.

It has been suggested that those two great ships, the *Mauretania* and the *Aquitania*, should have been utilised as floating hospitals at Mudros. I believe it was General Babtie's desire to create such an ideal hospital. It was not possible, however. The consumption of coal in both these ships is so great that the available supply would have been insufficient to maintain them there. Their stay at Mudros —the harbours at Alexandria and Malta were not large enough to receive them—was for this reason strictly limited, but these magnificent vessels were of the greatest use in transporting the sick and wounded direct to England, where they were landed in minimum time.

I have been at pains to find out exactly what part the British Red Cross Society took at the Dardanelles. It is not for me to say whether the accomplishments of this society were in proportion to the importance it assumed and the great expenditure of public money. I can only say that I was credibly informed that the British Red Cross dealt with less than 1 per cent. of the wounded in the hospitals administered by them in Egypt and

Malta. But the society was of enormous benefit to the sick and wounded in supplementing the official provision of clothing and comforts on the hospital ships and transports carrying the wounded, and in providing additional hospitals and convalescent homes for their reception. The work of this society was unceasing, and was carried out in active and most loyal co-operation with the regular medical service of the Army.

In so vast a field as that offered by a medical analysis, it is only possible to deal with the outstanding points. Much of the statistics and minor details could not possibly be of any interest to anyone except the medical authorities themselves, and I have, therefore, not troubled the general public with them. It is necessary, however, to remark upon and, indeed, to emphasise the sanitary conditions which prevailed at the Dardanelles, and the large amount of disease with which the medical service had to deal. In fact, the very state of our occupation of the Peninsula, that did much to determine its evacuation, was responsible for the ill-health that befell the Army. There was no room; the places occupied were not only grossly overcrowded with men and stores, but in addition the activities

of the enemy's fire were sufficient to prevent the best sanitary use being made of the strips of territory we held.

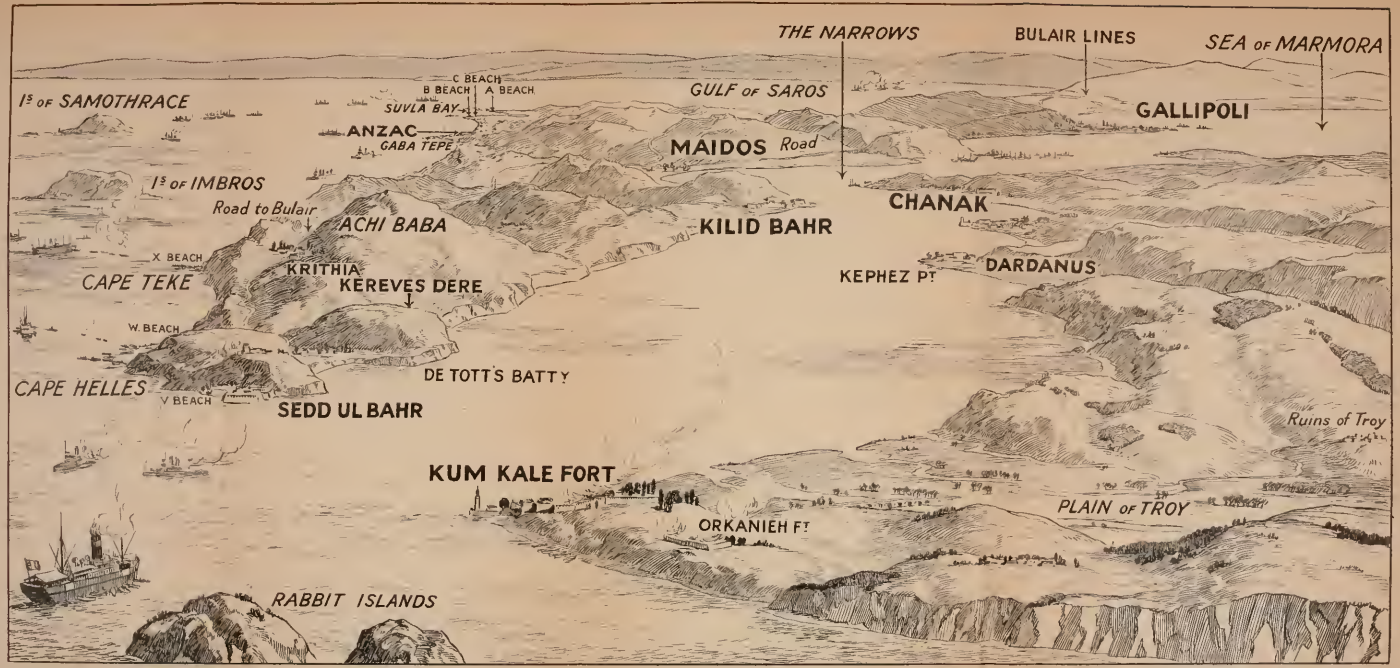
From the moment of landing to the time of departure men were constantly under fire in the advanced trenches. In the "resting" positions or on the beaches men and animals were crowded together. Material of every sort was short; wood and iron in sufficient quantities were unobtainable; water was scarce; dust and dirt prevailed, and a plague of flies was the inevitable result.

The part the fly plays in the dissemination of disease is well known, and if to this potent agency the presence of contaminated dust blowing into foods in its preparation and its eating is added, it is not difficult to understand that disease was rife. The heat, the shortage of water and the exertions of the men all conduced to a lowered state of health that rendered them prone to disease. Diarrhœas and dysenteries of varying degrees of severity were the most prevalent complaints, but neither of these ever acquired the terrible severity that too often characterises camp infections. Cholera was absent, probably because the troops were protected by inoculation; typhus was not seen, and genuine enteric fever was comparatively

rare, though fevers closely resembling it, except in fatality, were common.

What could be done to combat these diseases was done, but the whole circumstances were adverse, and it is not surprising that disease and death dogged the steps of the Army.

These do not by far cover all the difficulties with which the R.A.M.C. had to contend, and when one comes to consider the enormous number of casualties—when one remembers that all the sick and wounded had to be conveyed from boat to lighter, from lighter to ship, and from ship to shore, there can be naught but praise for the splendid unselfish devotion of the R.A.M.C.


THE NARROWS
BULAIR LINES
SEA OF MARMORA
C BEACH
B BEACH
A BEACH
SUVLA BAY
GULF OF SAROS
GALLIPOLI
I.S OF SAMOTHRACE
ANZAC
GABA TEPE
MAIDOS Road
I.S OF IMBROS
Road to Bulair
CHANAK
ACHI BABA
KILID BAHR
X BEACH
KRITHIA
KEREVES DERE
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DARDANUS
CAPE TEKE
W. BEACH
DE TOTT'S BATTY
CAPE HELLES
V BEACH
SEDD UL BAHR
Ruins of Troy
KUM KALE FORT
PLAIN OF TROY
ORKANIEH FT
RABBIT ISLANDS

BOOK III
THE EVACUATION

CHAPTER I

SOME CRITICISMS CRITICISED

Having dealt with the more dramatic features of the Dardanelles campaign, I purpose replying briefly, but I hope conclusively, to some of the criticisms which in my opinion had a direct influence upon the course of events which led up to the evacuation.

The duty of War Correspondents is to record facts and impressions of what they actually see. In the Dardanelles campaign there appears to have been a tendency on the part of one or two correspondents to regard themselves as mentors to the Commander-in-Chief.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, in particular, was a culprit in this respect. He evidently had ideas of his own as to how the campaign should have been run, and as they differed from the plans of those who were actually responsible, he permitted himself to take a distorted and pessimistic view of the whole operations.

It is regrettable, in my view, that the whole of the London Press should have been fed from this jaundiced source.

Mr. Bartlett sneers at the General Staff, referring to them as a "group of civilians, well skilled in political strategy and tactics, but quite unacquainted with war, either from the practical or theoretical standpoint. Each member, however, has apparently been able to call upon the support of some tame military expert to take his schemes, however wild and ill-conceived."

That exactly describes this tempestuous critic. Mr. Bartlett may be a brilliant journalist, but, after all, he is only a civilian, a theorist, an amateur strategist.

It was very evident to me on my arrival in the Dardanelles, early in July, 1915, that considerable prejudice against the personnel of the Staff existed amongst men whose public position permitted them to obtain a hearing. There is never complete unanimity among actually authorised experts in regard to any campaign, however small. It was to be expected, therefore, that in a campaign of so complicated a character as that of the Dardanelles wide divergence of views should exist. It seems to me, then, to be little short of rank impertinence that those civilians (who served in capacities where military qualifications were a subsidiary factor) should have ventured to criticise at all—just as it was undoubtedly

anomalous that their views on the strategical situation should ever have been given any public prominence.

My illness at the Dardanelles gave me little opportunity of developing these prejudices, but I had time enough to observe why others had been more fortunate in this respect. In the first place, conditions were responsible in a large measure for this unhealthy tone. At Gallipoli we were privileged to have a number of minor appointments—invariably soft jobs—held by men who in peace time had as civilians enjoyed an important social, financial or political status. These grandees, it seemed to me, must have had rather a hazy idea of the state under which they were to work. Many expected a picnic instead of war. It was thus that they saw everything through the smoked glasses of pessimism, and, owing to their privileged positions at home, they enjoyed exceptional facilities for spreading a noxious and unhealthy atmosphere.

Let there be no doubt expressed on this point. This crabbing sent its echoes everywhere, from Commander-in-Chief downwards. Should such be his frame of mind, a war correspondent finds himself just as well equipped for disseminating panicky views among troops

at the front as for depressing the public at home. Nothing is so contagious as pessimism. Only in rare cases (it did once happen at the Dardanelles) do subordinate officers possess the self-confidence and courage officially to denounce a war correspondent for spreading despondence and alarm among the fighting men. On my first journey over to the Peninsula I met two very capable Staff Officers. Both were righteously indignant at the persistent efforts to crab their difficult work. Their views were representative of many others I heard later on. Said one:

"The Peninsula isn't a very nice place to work on, and one understands how it must affect the outlook of civilians. It would be giving us a fairer chance, however, if these civilians went to a more comfortable place, and left us to our work."

I do not wish to anticipate anything that Sir Ian Hamilton may have to say on this point. He has elected so far, it would seem, to say nothing. But I am bound to mention that on my arrival at the Dardanelles I was credibly informed that the Commander-in-Chief did hold views on the matter, but apparently could not, or would not, take action.

It is due to Sir Ian Hamilton and to the

Government, no less than to the good name of the greatest Press in the world, that some authoritative statement be made in this connection.

A very big truth, then, about the Dardanelles concerns not so much the military as the human element. The actual military and naval mistakes—not the monopoly of any one power—paled before this. Such mistakes, provided they are made by a united and determined nation, become mere incidents in a great war. It is only when these mistakes are persistently exaggerated by politicians and intensified by busybodies that a distinct lowering of *moral* results. This human element was very evident at the Dardanelles, revealing its pernicious tendency in the Peninsula and reflecting very ominously at home.

I have given much thought as to a possible remedy for this state of affairs, and I am bound to confess that my conclusions lead towards a policy I have always abhorred. That policy is: a military autocracy.

Since nations must make war, it is for us, when we engage upon it, to wage it earnestly. Under the rigid military discipline which is only possible under conscription, short shrift would have been given to those pseudo-experts who

tried to govern the campaign at Gallipoli. As it was, one of them at least assumed the airs of a special commissioner set to report upon and check the military independence of the Commander-in-Chief. Twenty correspondents the latter could easily enough have managed. Being mortals, each of these men must have seen the truth from his own angle of vision, and the sum of these angles would have made a circle of 360 degrees, within the limits of which a Commander-in-Chief could freely have exercised his discretion. But a single correspondent representing the entire Press of London, whose reports from the scene of operations were the only official record upon which public opinion could be based, whose social and political influence, judging from his own pronouncements, was extensive and peculiar; that, in view of his special selection by the authorities for the position, formed, indeed, a strong proposition for a general to be up against.

Yes, since nations must make war, let us learn at least to wage it in real earnest. The day that a Dardanelles Committee of the Cabinet was formed to take the waging of war in the East out of the hands of the soldiers and into their own—that day the pessimistic Gallipoli war correspondent joined the "Wes-

terner," who had always been prejudiced against the Eastern theatre, and these two combined to triumph over the fighting spirit of the M.E.F.

Thus all attacks and fighting were discountenanced after Sir Ian Hamilton's recall; thus the flight to Egypt, as epoch-making in its way as the original flight from Egypt, became only a matter of time and opportunity.

History repeats itself. Winston Churchill, in the capacity of a correspondent during the South African campaign, wrote: "We used to think, in the Army of Natal, that Earl Roberts's operations in the Free State had been a model of military skill and knowledge, and, in a simple way, we regarded French as one of the first cavalry soldiers of the age.

"All this was corrected at Cape Town, and I learned with painful disenchantment that it (the said operations) had all been a shameful muddle from beginning to end; that the Field-Marshal had done this and that and the other 'which no man in his senses,' etc., that French was utterly . . . and as for Lord Kitchener, Cape Town—let us be just, imported social Cape Town—was particularly severe on Lord Kitchener . . . the whole town was overrun with amateur strategists and gossiping women."

With the exception of proper names, all this well describes Imbros; but the amateur strategists and gossipmongers were the same—i.e. vainglorious heroes.

* * * * *

And now a word to those who "told us so."

The fair-minded man gives little heed to them as a rule, but in the case of the Dardanelles they proved so thunderous in their wisdom *after* the event that the nation somehow was bound to listen and be influenced.

I remember very well the thrill of pride and the determination of the nation when war was declared on Turkey. I hear still the trilling voices of triumph when the official announcement was made that we had begun the attack on the outer forts of the Straits. What patience can one have with the Jingoist who parades Piccadilly more like maddened Bacchus than determined Mars clamouring for war, and then begins to sulk and look for a scapegoat when he obtains the full measure of war's disappointments? There is no stamina in such a man, any more than there is justice or breadth of view in the newspaper which applauds a daring venture when there are hopes of its success,

and pours vitriolic abuse when that venture has not succeeded.

I have looked up the editorial columns of newspapers of February and March, 1915, in order to make sure that I was not mistaken. I give one or two quotations herewith. It is in no spirit of spite that I have done this. I just want to remind these newspapers of their earlier attitude, and ask them to reconcile those pæans of praise with their bitter attacks when their anticipations, like those of the Government, were not speedily realised.

I ask them if it is fair, this hanging of men who did their best under most trying conditions.

Mr. Churchill has referred to those pre-Dardanelles days when the political situation in the south-east of Europe was stagnant and torpid:

"The immense currents of opinions which were then favourable to the allied cause flowed sluggishly or even ebbed.

"In Italy our negotiations made little progress. At the same time the Russian Government asked the Foreign Office whether some action in the Mediterranean was not possible to relieve the pressure in the Caucasus."

As a result of these representations and

communications from the Foreign Office and the War Office, Mr. Churchill called to the notice of the First Sea Lord and other naval advisers the possibilities of action in Turkish waters. In his opinion the Dardanelles offered by far the most decisive operation that was open at the time.

Let us see what really happened further.

Mr. Churchill, on November 30th, offered to congregate transports for 40,000 men, these to stand by in Egypt in view of an attack on the Eastern Mediterranean by the Turkish Empire. At that time no troops were available for that purpose, but "the need for action in the East of the Mediterranean was constantly pressed upon us from many quarters."

Two points, then, are very clear upon this juncture:

1. The need for an amphibious *coup de main* was perfectly understood, but no troops were available.

2. It became a matter of urgency to take some action. Admiral Carden, approached on the subject of a naval attack, replied that the Dardanelles could not be rushed, but could be reduced by a regular and sustained naval bombardment. Sir Henry Jackson replied in the same strain, a coincidence of opinion which

made a "profound impression" on Mr. Churchill's mind.

The unfortunate verbal difference between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill is no concern of ours. It is purely a personal matter, as, indeed, are most of those bickerings which those with an inflated idea of their own importance intrude upon the nation and its affairs. As reflecting the extreme moderate opinions in regard to the beginning of the operations, I quote the *Times* leading article of February 22nd:

"The bombardment of forts at the entrance of the Dardanelles on Friday by a powerful combined British and French fleet appears to mark the beginning of serious opportunities. In reality, a successful attack upon the Dardanelles might well become of the first importance and produce results which would quickly be felt in the main Eastern and Western theatres of war. Consider for a moment the position of Russia. She is a vast Empire with millions of men mobilised and is crammed with surplus stocks of wheat, yet for all purposes she is more cut off from the rest of the world than is Germany. The way to the Black Sea is closed by the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Russia is in bonds, and it is the duty of her Allies to burst them if they can. Immeasurable advantages would flow from the opening of a clear way

to Odessa. Ships laden with wheat would stream outwards, and ships laden with the equipment and stores which Russia so greatly needs would stream inwards. The political result would be equally great. The effect on the hesitancy of the Balkan kingdoms and other neutrals would be instant and would counteract the impressions recently created by the German operations against Russia. The fall of Constantinople, should it be brought about, would probably further mean the collapse of the Turkish offensive. The Turks would never survive a blow at their heart. The bombardment of the Dardanelles, therefore, if the Allies are able to carry it to its logical conclusion, contains that touch of imagination which has of late been conspicuously lacking in the war. Yet the whole operation is an extremely formidable one, not to be accomplished by sea power alone. The military strength employed should be of an equivalent to the naval strength. In other words, it is not enough to have plenty of battleships, for plenty of troops are required also. The squadrons can do their part, but they must have an ample military backing. Moreover, the whole enterprise would have to be planned to its concluding stage. Success in such an undertaking might change in many respects the whole complexion of the war; the results that would accrue are many and vital. The one thing that the Allies dare not risk in a persistent attack on the Dardanelles is failure. At the Dardanelles we are at the gates of the East; there must be no

failure and no going back. These things are truisms. We are convinced that they have been fully weighed, and that should anything further be done it will not be done inadequately. There is one further point which must be noted. We have said that to clear the way to Russia the Bosphorus should be held also. That is quite true, but it should also be remembered that if the Peninsula of Gallipoli could be seized and safely held the worst stage would be over; the rest might follow at some due and convenient season."

It is evident, then, that there was unanimity upon the question of action in Turkish waters, so that those who afterwards condemned the whole operations had little or no authoritative backing. Where an obvious difference of opinion existed was in regard to joint operations.

Mr. Churchill said that Lord Fisher's scheme involved the co-operation of neutrals. He did not say that estimate was not confined to Lord Fisher alone.

There did appear, indeed, to be considerable grounds for including, in the reckoning, the Greek army. Only the archives can say why Greece failed us, and this is not the moment to call for secret documents. Even Mr. Bartlett admits the existence of a secret archive.

although, to be sure, he in his wisdom laughs at such trivial obstacles to the manufacturing of sensations. He says:

"I do not wish for a moment to belittle these experts, but all expert opinion is only of value in the ratio of the data available for it to work on. Now, what were the data available? They are locked in the archives of the Admiralty, but in reality everyone who was out at the Dardanelles at the time knows they were almost *nil*."

Like the indiscreet Lord Ribblesdale, he is far too modest in assuming common knowledge of such exclusive information.

At any rate, without diving into information which is locked up in Government archives, and regardless of wise theories conceived after they become facts, we come to actual happenings.

In the middle of February the Fleet opened fire upon the outer forts of the Straits—at Cape Helles, Kum Kale, and Sedd-el-Bahr.

Mr. Churchill says that the first phase of the operations was "successful beyond our hopes." Mr. Bartlett, without a knowledge of what those hopes were, since they were admittedly locked up, etc., refutes this. He says that this was the first time he had ever heard this view

expressed, because almost all the men he had gossiped with said it was this initial attack that "first opened their eyes to the true nature of what their task would be when the time came to attack the Narrows."

Here, at any rate, is a confession that the difficulty of the situation was not apparent, even to the naval men, before the task was undertaken.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bartlett, who, it would seem, has no reason to complain of the lack of facilities, records the log of a certain battleship as:

"The results obtained on the whole seemed satisfactory, especially against Forts 3 and 6, but, on the whole, little serious damage seems to have been done, except against Fort 6."

From this somewhat vague method of expression we gather that the result on the whole seemed satisfactory. When the attack was resumed on February 25th, after a spell of bad weather, all the Turkish forts at Kum Kale, Helles, and Sedd-el-Bahr were silenced.

Mr. Bartlett admits this; but, nevertheless, he terms Mr. Churchill's statement that the attack was successful as being "remarkable,"

The fact that our Marines were able to land on the following day and were successful in blowing up the guns with gun-cotton is surely another testimony to the havoc wrought by our guns—others possibly than those of the battleship whose log is quoted above.

Mr. Bartlett declares that we were unaware of the steps taken to defend the channel by mines and of the exact positions of the mine fields; yet our Fleet was able to proceed up the strait and bombard the forts in the Narrows.

* * * * *

What was the position up to that time? Far from there being nothing to encourage great hope for the future, we had achieved a preliminary triumph which "produced an electrical effect through the Balkans."

"Its repercussion," said Mr. Churchill, "was evident from the first moment in Italy."

The great strategic nerve centre of the world-war of 1915 was touched. It decided the Greek Premier to act in our favour, and it threw the Turks back upon their main defences at Adrianople.

The effect in Italy was very evident, while authentic evidence goes to show that considerable alarm was felt in Constantinople. From Pera to Stamboul a panicky mob surged

through the streets of the capital. Fear was felt from the Sultan down to the barefooted street urchin. The terror-stricken mob on the new Galata bridge stopped by the toll-collectors and asked "What next?" The answer came soon after, when the boats below them were blown to the tops of the minarets by British submarines. Those were the days when the islands in the neighbourhood of the Sweet Waters of Asia were patronised by the quaking Turks, who feared the British from one side, the Bulgarians on the other, and the Germans in their midst. Scutari—of ancient British memory—was feverishly fortified. The sound of the Russian guns at the entrance of the Bosphorus now came to awaken fresh terror into the hearts of the Turks and their task-masters. . . .

Mr. Churchill's next statement is very significant, and, if it is accepted, disposes at once of all the latter-day objections to our having proceeded with the operations. He says:

"Everyone supposed that the enterprise was going to succeed. Day by day I held Staff meetings at the Admiralty, at which I received the appreciation of the greatest authorities, who were unanimous that the movement was progressing in the

most favourable manner; more favourable even than we had expected, though we quite recognised that the greatest difficulties were to come. It was not now desired by anyone to go back or to ride off on any alternative question. The eyes of the whole world were riveted on the Dardanelles. Every interest—military, naval, political, and economic—urged its completion."

Now, the Admiralty minutes can verify or refute this statement, and it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Churchill would deliberately have lied in face of these.

Let us see how far the First Lord's optimism was shared by the Press.

The *Daily Telegraph* of March 6th said:

"Before long we may expect that the guns of the Allied Fleet will command the capital of the Turkish Empire. Europe will be face to face with an event almost without parallel in history, so favourable and so rapid has been the advance of our ships, that almost before the world has realised the importance of the enterprise it discovers with astonishment that the end is already in sight, and so threatens the end of a grandiose scheme of colossal ambition, and with it the closing of a third chapter in the annals of their historic city, which Napoleon declared to be the very key to the dominion of the world."

Some Criticisms Criticised

This is what the *Standard* said on March 5th :

"The progress already made in forcing the passage of the Dardanelles leaves no room for doubt as to the ultimate success of this well-aimed stroke. . . . The work is certainly being done with an expedition and thoroughness which reflect the highest credit on the British and French Naval Commanders, and the forces under them. The losses suffered in an enterprise of no small peril are very slight, moreover, in comparison with the results obtained. Except for some delay caused by unfavourable weather, everything has gone exactly as could be wished. The inner forts are sharing the fate of those at the entrance to the Straits. The Channel is being swept clear of mines, and it cannot be long before British and French battleships reach the inland sea of Marmora. It may, and probably will, be necessary to combine operations on land with the advance of the warships ; but a well-equipped force, quite capable of dealing with Ottoman troops, even when the latter are led by German officers, is in readiness to assist. . . . Without a Fleet in being, Turks and Germans are helpless against such a formidable assault as is now delivered by the strongest naval force ever assembled in the Near East. The issue, whether decided sooner or later, and whatever the sacrifice of costs, is a foregone conclusion. It can mean nothing else but the doom of the Turks, and with

it the utter collapse of the designs on which German strategists and statesmen had confidently based the most sanguine hopes."

The *Globe* of February 22nd says:

"We need not therefore be surprised that the forts have been silenced and the first step taken in an enterprise which will break the Turkish power once for all, promises to free the stores of Russian wheat, and will, if successful, change the whole position in the Near East. Having begun the business, we must bring it to a final conclusion. But we are confident they have calculated the chances and are satisfied with the result of their calculations."

I could go on quoting from the daily and weekly newspapers of those early days. But I believe I have made sufficient references in order to show:

1. That up to this stage all was going well.
2. That from purely political and diplomatic reasons the conception and initial undertaking were justified.
3. That the opening of the campaign was successful, and definitely called for its continuation, and that the whole of the country and the Press had received a stimulus which must have reacted upon neutral opinions.

* * * * *

Difficulties only became apparent later on in March, after we were pledged. But they were such as gave every hope of being overcome by determination and persistency. Minesweeping was now being carried on under hazardous conditions. The defences of the Turk, naturally enough, had been developed, and he began to employ his mobile armament with increased success.

It was then that one of the gravest decisions in connection with the campaign was made. It is upon this issue that the whole depressing controversy of the Dardanelles expedition hangs. The official attitude and the unauthorised criticism which has followed it are worth comparison.

When it was found that the gradual advance must be replaced by more vigorous measures, Admiral Carden "was invited to press hard for a decision, and not to be deterred by inevitable loss."

Let me make a passing reference to a psychological matter. It is doubtful whether we give as much attention to the temperament and idiosyncrasies of our commanders as do the Germans. In their archives the enemy hold dossiers not only concerning their own military and naval officers, but of our own. Be sure

that the sterling capabilities of Admiral Carden are fully dwelt upon there. Yet it is doubtful whether, in choosing a man to "press hard for a decision, and not to be deterred by inevitable loss," anybody else but our civilian authorities would have specially chosen a commander whose great qualities did not, as it happened, answer to the particular problem that faced us at that moment. . . .

Said Mr. Churchill:

"Admiralty telegrams gave to the officer on the spot, and were intended to give to him, the feeling that whatever he felt inclined to do he could do with the certainty of being supported in the direction of vigorous measures. These telegrams were the result of close consultation between the First Sea Lord and myself, and, like every other order of importance which has emanated from the Admiralty during my tenure of office in peace or war, bear the written authority of the First Sea Lord. The admiral on the spot, Admiral Carden, expressed himself in entire agreement with the spirit of the Admiralty telegrams, and he announced his intention to press forward in his attack on lines which had been agreed upon, and with which he said he was in exact accord.

"The date of the attack was fixed for March 17th, weather permitting. On the 16th Admiral Carden was stricken down with illness and was

invalided by medical authority. On the advice of the First Sea Lord, who fully concurred, I appointed Admiral de Robeck, Second in Command, who had been very active in the operations, to succeed him. I thought it indispensable to find out on the eve of this difficult attack whether the new Admiral shared the opinion of his predecessor, and I therefore sent him a telegram, of which the following is a paraphrase: 'Personal and secret from the First Lord. In entrusting you, with great confidence, with the command of the Mediterranean detached Fleet, I presume you are in full accordance with the Admiralty telegrams 101 and 109, and Vice-Admiral Carden's answer thereto, and that you consider, after separate and independent judgment, that the immediate operations proposed are wise and practicable. If not, do not hesitate to say so. If so, execute them without delay and without further reference, at the first favourable opportunity.' Admiral de Robeck replied that he was in full agreement with the Admiralty telegrams. He would attack on the 18th."

The result of this attack was, briefly, the loss of the French battleship, the *Bouvet*, with her crew, while our casualties scarcely exceeded a hundred men, and the loss of the *Ocean* and the *Irresistible*, "two old vessels of a class of which we had about twenty, and which, if they had not been employed at the Dardanelles,

would have been rusting uselessly in our Southern ports."

With this parenthesis I agree, and Mr. Churchill is right in saying that he did not think, in making this attack on which so much depended and the results of which, if successful, would have been so far-reaching, we risked or lost any vital stake.

This policy of rush is warmly and ably condemned by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. His contention, however, is based entirely upon the loss of these ships which Mr. Churchill rightly discounts, and which everybody knew we were prepared to lose in this great venture. He insists that the operations on March 18th were "merely an attempt on the part of the Fleet to clear the triple mine-field below the Narrows."

But he goes on to say that the Fleet was prepared, of course, to take advantage of any favourable condition that might possibly arise for a dash through, presumably to Constantinople.

How, then, and in what manner comes this "most remarkable misunderstanding" which Mr. Bartlett, in his letter to the *Times*, infers? It is obvious, as indeed the result shows, that if favourable conditions did not arise, that the

dash through the Narrows to the Sea of Marmora would have to be postponed—as it was.

And was this attempt to rush through so obviously wrong? In the first place, quite apart from what the experts thought (they may have agreed, or, as is always likely, they may have had their doubts), let us see how this scheme carried.

The first squadron, the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Agamemnon*, *Lord Nelson* and *Inflexible*, steamed into the Straits, and began bombarding the forts and Narrows at a range of 14,000 yards. An hour later the French battleships *Bouvet*, *Gaulois*, *Souffren* and *Charlemagne* "steamed boldly up to within 9,000 yards of the Narrows, and opened up on the forts, which replied vigorously."

So that in the first dash the mine-fields, which are Mr. Bartlett's main points of danger, were safely passed. That was a triumph and a piece of luck that few expected. It was only when the French ships retired that the *Bouvet* fouled a mine—a piece of sheer hard luck, for in the meanwhile the forts at Chanak and Kilid Bahr had been silenced.

* * * * *

Mr. Bartlett goes to the enemy for his account of the attack. I think, indeed, he has

placed too much reliance upon the Turkish official report he saw in Rome.

"The net result of these operations," he writes, "was the actual knocking out of two guns by direct hit at Chanak, and the killing of thirty-five Turks, according to their report to the Rome Embassy." Notice again his source of information.

Nobody with first-hand knowledge claims, as Mr. Bartlett asserts, that but for the disaster to the *Bouvet*, the *Ocean* and the *Irresistible* the Straits might have been forced that afternoon. But it is claimed with as much warmth as the crabbers of the Dardanelles operations have used in this controversy that if we had persisted in the attacks we had begun, if we had remained undeterred by the fully expected cost of the attempt, we should have been in Constantinople long before this.

A further attack, indeed, had been planned, but divided counsels prevailed. That is to say, we lost heart. We went in full of pluck and ready to lose ships, but when, by an extraordinary piece of ill-luck, we did not succeed at once we cried off.

Mr. Bartlett calls this a "fair and square beating." Here he gives us a measure of himself, not of the British Navy! This

spirit is, thank Heaven, not characteristic of the men who have fought our great battles against odds in past wars or in the present Armageddon. They, at any rate, were game enough to turn a "fair and square beating" into a fair and square victory.

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Between this big naval attack and the opening of the military campaign in April much valuable time was wasted. There are several reasons which might be advanced in defence of this serious error. The particular one, however, I have not yet seen mentioned. It was due to the loading up of the ships at home. This was done without reference to the unique conditions of the situation in Gallipoli. The extraordinary situation demanded unusual measures, and the ships, therefore, should have been "self-contained," i.e. loaded in a manner which made each independent of the rest, and which would enable a ship to "live on itself" for days at a stretch. The result of this loading mismanagement was a prolonged delay at Alexandria, where all the ships had to undergo the process of reloading.

The Turks, naturally enough, took every advantage of this full month's notice to complete their defences and bring up considerable

reinforcements, so that the task set the Allied Forces became more and more difficult. Enver Pasha, in his subsequent boasting, made the most of this theme. After exclaiming that "if the English had only had the courage to rush more ships through the Dardanelles, they could have got to Constantinople," he explained how the Turks made use of the time we had wasted.

"The delay of the British," he went on, "enabled us thoroughly to fortify the Peninsula, and in six weeks' time we had taken down there over two hundred Austrian Skoda guns." No wonder, then, that many military critics in enemy and neutral countries believed the task to be insurmountable. Von der Goltz himself, Enver Pasha, the German military critics, all committed themselves absolutely to the impossibility of a landing; but we have seen what British courage and grit could accomplish in the amazing landings of April 25th of Sir Ian Hamilton's troops. Go to those historic spots and look down towards the mouth of the Straits, where the *River Clyde* is still beached, and you are compelled to doff your hat to the memory of the men who have made the most poignant and the most thrilling page in British military history.

I do not intend to go into the details of these daring landings and the spasmodic brilliance, but more than usual monotony, of the campaign that followed. (Brilliance caused by arrivals of minute consignments of ammunition; monotony, by our having to fall back to one round per gun per day for weeks at a time!) That belongs to another medium. I only want to mention in this connection a fact not very widely known: how very near those gallant forces were to being driven back into the sea at one point of the operations.

Those who had escaped the awful inferno, and had crawled on to the edge of the Peninsula, neither ate nor slept, but dug—dug—for the remnant of the life that was left them.

But the Turks were concentrating for a counter-attack, and so threatening did they become that the order was issued for all secret papers to be destroyed, and this was actually done. Then, when all seemed lost, every man Jack of them downed his particular tool—whether it was pick, spade, carving knife, pen, or signalling flag—and went into the firing line. That line thinned, and once wavered, but only for an instant. Then our men went forward with a rush, and the great forces of the Turks retreated. Many who took part in

this fight are unaware of that very critical moment when the whole of the forces were in danger of being driven into the sea or cut up.

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Why these and subsequent operations were carried out so slowly is a matter for conjecture. There is no doubt that when we embarked upon the campaign we were faced with tremendous doubts and difficulties. But a decision had to be made quickly, for, as Mr. Churchill has said, the essence of an attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula was speed and vigour.

The Allied Forces had the advantage in being able to reinforce from the sea much more rapidly than the Turks could reinforce by land. In this manner we could continue our attacks until victory was attained. Now, it was either because communication with the home authorities was difficult, or because the Gallipoli undertaking was at that time one of the many incidents that was occupying the attention of the War Office, or, finally, because of the stubborn opposition of our military leaders in France, that this method of attack was not carried out.

We had to grope our way, moving slowly, thereby giving due notice to the Turks to bring more men and more munitions from every part

of their vast empire. Therefore, there can be no doubt that the policy of rush was the best that we could have undertaken in order to ensure success. Members of the Government who have stated publicly that our army was within a few miles of a decisive victory have been held up to scorn, for what reason I cannot guess.

The statement is perfectly true, for our army all the summer stood within a few miles of the Narrows, and victory.

Compared with the situation on the Western front, it was less expensive and less difficult to obtain an overwhelming victory. Everyone now agrees that, given sufficient men and rounds of ammunition for big guns, a mile or two of front can be gained. It simply becomes a question for the Commander-in-Chief as to whether such a gain is worth the expenditure in metal and men. Obviously, a mile or two of French or Flemish soil is not worth a very great deal. Equally obviously to anyone who was on the Gallipoli Peninsula, a mile or two there meant the Empire of the East.

I have in my dispatches home emphasised this point. Compared with the price we paid for the advances in France and Flanders, a well conceived and properly developed advance

on the Peninsula would have given us the reverse of the picture we now behold.

I do not, as I have said, follow Mr. Churchill in his personal defence. It does not concern anybody at this juncture whether Lord Fisher, Lord Kitchener or Mr. Churchill deserves so much credit or so much abuse. The principle of Mr. Churchill's defence is, however, sound. He advised the Government not to undertake any operation in the West which was to be more costly to us than to the enemy, but, instead, to take Constantinople, either by ships, if that were possible, or by soldiers, if that were an easier way, but to take it at once and at any cost.

Writing in December, before our evacuation was decided upon, I said it would still be possible to recover lost ground and lost prestige by this policy of rush. But we were soon to see the result of this policy of indecision and half-heartedness. After evacuating Suvla and Anzac, we withdrew the whole of our forces from the Peninsula. The crabbers had triumphed, and the wonderful self-sacrifice of our men had been unavailing. Over the graves of these gallant heroes let us write this epitaph :

DIED IN FAITH AND COURAGE.
"WHEN POLITICS MADE VALOUR VAIN"

I will, before commenting further on this humiliating end, first examine the general criticisms which have been made from other sources.

One of the most prominent of these critics is Captain Granville Fortescue, whose experience and sincerity entitle him to be heard. Captain Fortescue, if I remember aright, contributed to the *Daily Telegraph* an article on the subject which aroused widespread interest. In his book, "What of the Dardanelles?" the author is very severe in his comments. He makes, in the first place, the usual denunciation of exaggerated reports, which, however, he must know is a journalist's privilege which is not conferred upon this country alone.

It may be "an insult to its intelligence to dose a full-grown, self-reliant nation on the pap accounts of spurious victory, 'revolution' in the enemy's domains and elaborations of false hopes which is served out from Athens, Amsterdam and Rome," but those lively centres feed New York as well as London, and Berlin as well as Paris. I hope that Captain Fortescue does not suggest that these reports were deliberately manufactured for this end. All our victories on the Peninsula were genuine, and there were quite a number, as he

would be the first to admit if he were as much acquainted with our Headquarters as he is, apparently, with the Turkish.

The American critic's view that we worked in absolute contempt for all military and naval precedents is surely not backed by facts. Naval precedent justified the attempt, for the Dardanelles were forced once before. If it is stated that the fortifications were more numerous and powerful, the reply is that the calibre of our guns had increased proportionately. Captain Fortescue may have been assured that the chances of a battleship running the gauntlet of the Narrows forts were nil. His sources of information were two neutral officers whose business it had been to "study conditions, military and naval." But those two neutral officers were not the only experts who had studied the situation.

Captain Fortescue almost suggests that it was only after war was declared that we became aware that such a passage as the Dardanelles ever existed, and that that passage had fortifications along its banks.

"Thus it was to be inferred that the mind that planned the attack on the Dardanelles by sea alone must have acted upon information hidden from men who had made the problem

a study. Unfortunately, if this was the case, that mind was misinformed. What is more, the English people were sadly befooled."

It is preposterous to say that.

We knew all along what great difficulties the forcing of the Dardanelles presented; we knew all along that the Turks considered their defences invulnerable, just as we and our Allies imagine our defences to be superior to our enemies' attacks. Victory, after all, is a matter of opinion and self-confidence, backed up by determined effort. The opinion of more than two neutral officers whose business it had been to study conditions would have pleased allied public opinion before Liége, Namur, Antwerp, Lemberg and Przemysl fell. We stated with every sincerity that some of these forts were impregnable, and perhaps some of the German faint-hearts thought the same. But in Germany they have no use for pessimists and whimperers. Over here we fall on their necks as inspired prophets and follow their opinions as unerring experts.

CHAPTER II

SIDELIGHTS ON SUVLA

It is true that just as it will not be possible to learn the whole truth about the campaign in the Dardanelles until we hear the true Turkish side of that story, so also the public can hardly hope to grasp the full meaning of the movements of their own troops until the end of the war permits the orders of the Commander-in-Chief and the reports of subordinate commanders to be studied and compared.

But although much of the material necessary to the formation of a final judgment is as yet known only to a privileged few, the publication of Sir Ian Hamilton's learned report and of the evacuation report by Sir Charles Monro have tended to lift the veil, and the comments made on these by many ex-Dardanelles campaigners known to me have helped still further towards, at least, some preliminary elucidation. Much of the information I have gleaned from this latter field cannot be published; more's the pity. But enough is available to justify

some attempt to correct the more obvious of the false impressions which have hitherto been formed.

These misunderstandings are mainly, if not entirely, due to the incomplete accounts to which we have hitherto been treated. It is known that both Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir Frederick Stopford were equally anxious that all the operation orders, as well as the reports of subordinate commanders (including General Stopford's own account of matters), should have been published. The Government have now decided not to publish them. In the meantime many officers have come home, and, by piecing together their remembrances and experiences, some of the more salient features of the truth begin at last to emerge from the fog of war.

In Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch he failed to make himself clear upon one very vital issue. He spoke of "inertia," and such is the power of a striking phrase that at once the word became fashionable. But any satisfaction the author may have gained from such mimicry must have been considerably damped by the fact that a band of military critics, following a leader in the *Times*, forthwith proceeded to hoist him with his own petard by blaming him for having failed to use his executive

power to wake up these inert commanders and for having meekly effaced himself at the vital moment. Sir Ian had admitted he had been informed by the General Staff Officer whom he had sent to Suvla of "an absence of hostile gun-fire, a small amount of rifle-fire, and the enemy's apparent weakness." His attention had been drawn to the inaction of our troops and to the fact that "golden opportunities were being missed." Why, then, it was asked, did he not himself give peremptory orders for an advance? Why, if his Corps Commander failed him, did he not shoulder the responsibility and urge on the Divisional Commanders direct? And if they then failed, why did he not replace them even in the midst of a great battle? That point, I confess, appealed to me at the time. In the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1916, I emphasised it. But since then some of the men who knew of the inner circumstances have returned to England, and from them I have obtained evidence which leaves me no alternative but to withdraw the only doubt I had about the very able command of Sir Ian Hamilton. The General Commander-in-Chief not only did issue peremptory orders on paper, he repeated them, and with emphasis, on the spot. The subordinate commanders make no

complaint as to his self-effacement or lack of vigour. They rather take the line that if they had been quietly left alone to attack in their own good time they would have made better progress; that their chief was trying to push on too quickly; that everyone was tired, and that the men especially were absolutely done up. Sir Ian in his dispatch is evidently more concerned to defend himself against the charge of interference than against any reproach of self-effacement.

Which of the two faults would have had the worst consequences at Suvla may still be a matter for conjecture, but at least it is certain that the commander who is accused in the same breath of hustling and slackness, of over-zeal and aloofness, is safe until some agreement is come to as to the nature of his crime.

For myself, with Sir Ian Hamilton's record before me, I feel very little doubt. The man of Majuba, Elandslaagte and Wagon Hill was more likely to find a difficulty in sitting still than in rushing about to *do something*. But the most interesting point—and here I leave the personal factor to embark upon the more general question—is whether on the late afternoon of August 8th there was still time to anticipate the Turkish reinforcements, and

whether, even if there was time, the troops were fresh enough and concentrated enough to make an energetic advance before those early hours of the 9th when the forces of the enemy began to occupy the heights in strength?

In answering my own question I admit, first of all, that all the evidence in my possession cannot yet be quoted or authenticated. In short, the reader will have to take my word for it that the opinions I express are only put forward after conversation with large numbers of returned officers who are willing enough to speak, but quite determined under no conditions to be quoted.

Piecing together what I have heard, with my own knowledge of the locality and my own memories of the actual fighting, I feel I am entitled to the belief that I will have a consensus of opinion of the Force behind me in saying that there were two periods during which the attack might, should and could have got possession of the heights according to the scheme laid down in the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. The first period was the night of the 6th-7th and the day of the 7th. The second period was the night of the 8th.

If all the battalions had fought with equal concentration and energy, then, so firm and so

forward a position would have been established by daylight on the 7th that the enemy must have been broken and swept clean off the heights by that afternoon at latest.

Had every brigade done as well as the best brigades then, even although full advantage had not been taken of the hours of darkness, still there was time before evening on the 7th to take and hold Ismail Oglu Tepe and the ridge running thence to Anafarta Sagir. All the troops engaged in this attack were ready before midday. Actually they did not start till after three in the afternoon. The delay is said to have been entirely owing to orders and counter-orders. As it was, the Chocolate Hills were taken; but, having taken them, all the troops —except the Irish, under General Hill—were ordered to fall back.

During the 8th the plea for the exhaustion of the men comes to the fore, and, judging from the opinions I have taken of many regimental officers, it seems to me that a good case for inaction may be made out for many of the units engaged. There are limits to endurance of thirst, fatigue and loss. Still, short of making a serious combined attack, it is agreed on all hands that some battalions were quite unopposed, and might have occupied important

points without any fighting at all. Yet nothing whatever of this local initiative appears to have been attempted. By the afternoon of the 8th the troops had been rested and refreshed. Had we attacked that night it is now commonly held that we should just have forestalled the bulk of the Turkish reinforcements, whilst at the same time escaping that gun-fire which caused the bulk of the heavy casualties in the fight of the morning of the 9th.

The Commander-in-Chief in person strove to get a move on at 5 P.M. on the 8th, and some of the commentators seem surprised that he succeeded so badly. To quote Lord Sydenham, who wrote to the *Times* on January 7th to defend Sir Ian Hamilton against the charge of self-effacement, "No doubt visions of a Napoleon galloping about and by a few inspiring words galvanising a host into activity" crossed the minds of these critics. It was, indeed, for some similar exercise of his personality that Sir John French recommended Sir Ian Hamilton for the V.C. after the battle of Elandslaagte. But the Dardanelles and South Africa offer very different types of problems. You cannot gallop without a horse any more than you can exhort when your audience has gone to ground. Also, personal direction,

which might have saved Suvla on August 7th (when critical fighting all over the Peninsula had tied the Commander-in-Chief to his telephone at General Headquarters), was no longer possible on the 8th. The troops had already been committed to a certain line of advance; they were widely scattered; the orders for next morning's attack had been already issued. The notion which has found favour in some quarters that by dismissing generals, upsetting all that had been done, and taking everything into his own hands, Sir Ian Hamilton would have pulled things together and given a forward impetus to the machine, shows simply a sublime ignorance of the complexity of the arrangements which characterise modern warfare. To dismiss a corps commander in mid-combat would be, generally, the act of a madman. A bad military plan thoroughly carried out (and who should carry it out more thoroughly than its author?) is better, so we are told, than a good plan carried out half-heartedly. If so, better surely let a general finish his attack one way or the other before you put into his shoes a man who may be a genius, but who can have no grip of the partially executed programme.

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As to the actual conception or plan for landing at Suvla and pushing across thence so as to command the Turkish line of communication, and as to the orders issued and the arrangements made to enable those orders to be carried out, I feel myself out of my depth in discussing such problems. I have not, I fear, the assurance of some of my fellow-journalists in authoritatively laying down the law. It is only, then, as the mere mouthpiece of the opinion of the camp and bivouac that I will permit myself to offer these few remarks:

The average regimental officer does not concern himself much with strategy, as a rule, but, as a rule also, he does possess a fair amount of military common sense. Exercising this quality, he is inclined to look very much askance at the ingenious newspaper and lecture hall alternative policies for landing the 9th Corps either at Bulair or in Asia. Three separate spheres of operations and three separate landing-places and three separate lines of naval communication seem to his straightforward mind too difficult and complicated. Therefore, the idea of merely extending Anzac to the northward, whilst at the same time giving it a good harbour for its base, strongly appeals to his judgment. No doubt the plan was daring

—daring, perhaps, to a fault, but daring is a quality which appeals to the young, and if I have heard the risks referred to—the risks, viz. that the Turks might be on the alert and might destroy our troops before they could set foot on dry land—why, then, it has always been in tones of approval of the courage of the Commander-in-Chief rather than in any depreciatory spirit.

Broadly, then, the idea underlying the plan has been voted good. The Executive Orders seem also to have been very clearly thought out, and on the whole they gave the landing quite a good start. No amount of argument or criticism can possibly alter the broad fact that at Suvla a force had been landed against a much weaker enemy, and had suffered much less loss in doing so than was the case in the original landings. Some of the arrangements no doubt miscarried. For example, it is certain that under the orders and arrangements made some hundreds of mules were to have been landed with the first troops, and this does not seem to have taken place. Who was responsible for the fault no one at the present stage can determine, although certainly the mules were in the harbour. Hence, much of the trouble about water supply. Still, as I said, the scheme seems to have worked

without any hitch more serious than must be expected in war until the landing of the infantry had been completed. Then came the moment when movements must depend on that unknown factor, the enemy. They could not be laid down with precision in advance, and it was up to the local authority or corps commander to meet anything that turned up with initiative and energy. He had, in fact, to improvise.

Here again returning to my regimental officer, I think it is generally admitted that there was some failure in the guidance and drive exhibited by those who now became primarily responsible.

If, during the past eight months, evidence upon evidence has accumulated showing the self-sacrificing devotion of many of the new units, so also the lapse of time has brought many fresh witnesses to the weakness and uncertainty in the direction and grasp of events shown by corps as corps and by divisions as divisions. To enlarge upon such a feature of the enterprise would lead over dangerous ground which it is rather my purpose to avoid. But I wonder if it is realised, for instance, that Hill 70, that tactically vital spot, a spot destined to cause us so many thousand casualties and yet

to remain in the end in Turkish hands—I wonder if it is realised that Hill 70 remained at this period, for the whole of the 8th, in our hands? Why was it abandoned? Why, indeed? Nobody knows, except that it was not apparently abandoned because of any military necessity, danger or threatened attack, but merely because it was the decision of someone that it must be abandoned. On the morning of the 9th, to their surprise, and soon to their grievous loss, the remainder of the force found the enemy sitting where our own troops had hitherto been sitting on this, the key to the position.

On the 10th a new division was landed, and another attack was launched with them on Hill 70. The artillery drove back the Turks, but there was delay in making the assault, and, when made, it failed. All who witnessed this operation are of the opinion that with seasoned troops it should have succeeded.

Why, then, were not these seasoned troops employed? It is a vital point. Why were not these new troops all put into trenches to learn their business quietly, whilst the veterans of the first landing were sent to stiffen the Suvla Bay new armies and Territorial Divisions? The reason, I think, is not far to seek. We have

it from dispatches that time was a great object; that it was essential to get the landing made before the full moon. With a system of railways such as enables the Germans to shift army corps from east to west and again from west to east, nothing would have been easier to do than to transpose troops from Helles to Suvla. But here the only means of transport was the Navy. This branch of the service, already severely strained, would have had to do all this embarkation and disembarkation, shipping and transhipping. This to the man in the armchair would have been an easy matter; but it would have been the despair of the man on the spot.

By August 21st there had been time to bring up the "incomparable" 29th Division, as well as 5,000 Yeomanry from Egypt. The details of the battle are too well known to require comment. It has been suggested that the attacks on Hill 70 and Ismail Oglu Tepe were foredoomed to failure; that they were, in fact, impossible. To this I can only reply that no idea could well be farther from the minds of those who took part in them. In fact, they know it to be untrue. When sometimes the luck goes wrong, the only resource of soldiers worth their salt has been to show fortitude; to

await the turn of the tide and to have another try. In this case the fortitude did not fail on the Peninsula, but at home. The will to fight of the men at the front was frittered away in enforced inaction. Neither munitions nor reinforcements could be spared. And, even so, there was no question of the Turks being able to drive us from Suvla Bay or Anzac until the arrival of Sir Charles Monro.

When, therefore, all side issues are eliminated, it is easy to see that the Suvla Bay operations should have succeeded completely as originally planned, but that the hesitation shown locally during the first three nights and two days seriously compromised any chance of winning the whole range of hills which, for that period, was simply waiting to be taken. No troops the Turks had then on the ground could have stopped a resolute combined advance, whereas after those three days the circumstances had altogether changed, and no forces that Sir Ian Hamilton had then at his disposal could have reasonably expected to secure the main tactical features of the Suvla Bay theatre. The battle of August 21st and the other local actions up to that day were fought to gain a position which would enable our forces to wait in comparative security and comfort until reinforce-

ments from home should enable us to proceed upon a more comprehensive and a different plan. Had these reinforcements been sent, the battle would still have been won, although certainly at greater losses both of men and time.

CHAPTER III

A REPLY TO GENERAL MONRO

The publication in the middle of April, 1916, of General Sir Charles Monro's dispatch evidently completes the list of official evidence on the Dardanelles available during the war. It was, of course, beyond the scope of what was required of the general responsible for the evacuation of the enterprise to lift the veil and tell us what actually happened at Suvla which led up to the unique military situation which he found on his arrival. General Monro, quite fresh to the situation at Gallipoli, and certainly lacking the advantages of an intimate knowledge of its possibilities—which would have entailed a rather longer stay and study—thought the best way out was to get out. There is no doubt that the merest tyro, much less a very capable and distinguished general, could have easily discerned that the positions occupied by our troops were somewhat out of the ordinary and presented a novel feature in military history. It was just this that made success all

the more alluring; it was the unique situation which stirred the whole world and made the operations the cynosure of all eyes. These strange positions indeed, nomadic and novel, even though they but fringed the coast-line, were the wonderment of all military nations and created the never-to-be-forgotten nomenclature, Anzac!

There was nothing in the military text-books which anticipated an Anzac or a Helles. Even to a general from the Western front—where precedents were always created and never followed—it must have been an eye-opener.

Let us be just to these new-comers. They had never seen anything like it, and certainly never expected anything near it, despite detailed dispatches and official photographs. Only those who had been there from the first—those who had conceived the situation, created it, and developed with it—only they were the right men to judge. I do not know whether General Monro's decision to evacuate was based on his isolated judgment, or whether in making up his mind he was prompted and supported by men who had paid more than one fleeting visit to the beaches.

I take leave to doubt that Sir Charles Monro, fresh to Gallipoli, had the support of

General Birdwood and Admiral de Robeck. If the opinions of those commanders, who were cognisant of the difficulties and promises of the campaign, were overridden—if they were asked for at all—then the evacuation of the Dardanelles must not be allowed to be closed without a full public inquiry. Upon this matter, as well as upon the fiasco at Suvla, we shall want much more information than there has as yet been available.

That Sir Charles Monro recognised vividly the dangers under which the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force had been holding up the flower of the Ottoman armies is apparent from every line of this important document. What he failed to appreciate was the wonderful spirit of the troops. How could he, indeed, after one hurried visit to the beaches of the Peninsula? It may have escaped his notice, but it is true that the fact of the beaches and piers being exposed to concentrated registered fire has been remarked on a thousand times. But surely this and the undisputed truth that the Force held a line—say possessing every possible military "difficulty" rather than defect—should have served to emphasise the value of the troops, rather than to impute inefficient command? All the difficulties which General Monro pro-

pounds at length were not brought by us to the Peninsula; they were found there. If Sir Charles has made these points in order to show the folly of our having gone there at all, he proves that he is not so fortunate in the art of expression as is his predecessor. As his report reads, one would think that we enjoyed hanging on to a position "without depth" and with insecure communications, and made the Turks a present of full powers of observation, abundant artillery positions, and other natural advantages.

In effect, that hurried visit showed him Anzac, but it did not reveal to him the Anzacs. It does not seem to have struck the general that the troops which could hold such amazing positions—as the English troops held on another part of the Peninsula—were capable, providing they were given fair support in men and munitions, of defeating the best organised army in the world, much less the dispirited if dogged Turks on the other side.

General Monro appears to recognise fully the lack of officers and men. He speaks of a very grave dearth of the former, and illustrates the latter by pointing out that, in order to maintain the numbers needed to hold the front, the Territorial Divisions had been augmented

by the attachment of Yeomanry and Mounted Brigades. This clearly emphasises the grave charge made against the home authorities that they failed to send out the reinforcements which were badly needed.

General Monro's next point is not so obvious as he would have us believe. He says: "It was obvious the Turks could hold us in front with a small force and prosecute their designs on Baghdad or Egypt, or both." The fact remains, however, that while we were on the Peninsula no fewer than twenty-one divisions of the enemy —the flower of the Turkish army—were immobilised against us. While the British army was threatening the Turkish capital—as it was, so long as it had a footing at all on the Peninsula —the enemy could not, and did not, venture to spare any considerable force on expeditions elsewhere. This perpetual fear of the Turks was well grounded and is contrary to the belief of General Monro, who states that "an advance from the positions we held could not be regarded as a reasonable military operation to expect."

Probably Sir Charles meant "with the inadequate forces at our disposal." If so, he should have added words to this effect. The construction which the uninformed may place on his words is that the Turkish positions were

so strong as to be unassailable, a contention which is not correct.

The next point in the report is, to say the least, surprising: "Even had we been able to make an advance in the Peninsula, our positions could not have been ameliorated to any marked degree, and an advance on Constantinople was quite out of the question."

In the first place, Sir Charles clearly has lost sight of the fact that the immediate aim of General Hamilton was not to capture Constantinople, but to seize the Narrows and open a way up for our Navy, which would then have had a comparatively easy task. To say that an advance could not have improved our position is to theorise without regard to actual happenings. The Suvla venture was meant to give the military commander his crowning victory. It all but did so. The advance which General Monro says was impossible was once actually a *fait accompli.* The goal itself—the summit of Chanak Bair, which commanded the Narrows—was in our possession for forty-eight hours. It was gained and lost for the same reason—numbers. Our men, overwhelming the Turks, took the summit. The support which should have reached them—somehow by the irony of warfare—lost its way in the dark. The Turks,

therefore, were able to bring up reinforcements and drive us back. Is it not quite feasible that a position which we had won and lost by a sheer piece of hard luck, could be won again and held?

No amount of theorising, even by experts, can alter these facts. General Monro, even in his short visit of inspection, may just possibly have become cognisant of the immense difficulties which truly presented themselves. In that respect, then, he would perhaps have equalled the knowledge of Sir Ian Hamilton, who was out there from the start. Where undoubtedly the new Commander-in-Chief was handicapped was in gauging the possibility of the men who were to battle against these problems. That is where Sir Ian held the cards. He had seen these men fight; Sir Charles had not, and could only imagine of how much they were capable. But this, though not his fault, was still a very grave misfortune to the British cause. Your regular general is all too disposed to be blind to the sublimer soldierly virtues when they are concealed in any form so irregular as that of an Anzac, Territorial or New Army Division. The Mediterranean Expeditionary Force consisted entirely of such citizen volunteers. Sir Ian Hamilton had ventured with these men as

if they were the greatest heroes of history, and as heroes they had responded. Now they were told they were not capable of defeating the Turks, and that the capture of Constantinople was a golden lure leading them onwards to destruction. It was explained that they were only hanging on by their eyelids; that their position was so faulty; their piers so flimsy; their entrenchments so piteously feeble and exposed to the fire of the coming 17-inch howitzers, that prolonged resistance was hopeless. Like men awakened suddenly from hypnotic trance, they realised the terrors of their situation. Instead of victory, evacuation became the cry, and so we left the Peninsula to its half-defeated defenders and the graves of our own warriors.

CHAPTER IV

WHY GALLIPOLI WAS EVACUATED

When the true causes and the full significance of the failure of Suvla come to be realised, the reasons for the evacuation of Gallipoli are not far to seek. The inertia of which Sir Ian complained found an echo everywhere. That is, everywhere except among the military executive on the spot. These gallant officers, and the wonderful men they commanded, never lost either energy or heart. They were ready to go ahead at any time they received the word—but the word could not be given without drafts of men and ammunition, and both fell lamentably short.

It is commonly accepted in "Gallipoli circles" that Lord Kitchener went out to the Dardanelles fully prepared to "finish the job"; but, before reviewing first-hand the situation in the Peninsula, he visited the depressing centres in Egypt and Greece!

The tales which the cunning Teutons had spread—in the usual thorough Wolffish style—

that Egypt was to be attacked with 300,000 picked troops, had sunk into the susceptible minds of military and official Egypt. Besides that there was the ingenious story of the amazing 17-inch howitzer which the Germans were going to use in order to blow us into the sea! It never occurred to those who were taken in by these terrifying tales that there was no reason on earth why the 17-inch howitzer, which was to blow people into the sea at the Dardanelles, had not yet blown all our soldiers into the air in France and Belgium. Nor had it, apparently, occurred to them that the bridges on the Turkish railways had not been built to carry these German monsters, or that, even if the arches and girders were strengthened *ad hoc*, it would be a task too tremendous to be thinkable to be able to collect on the Gallipoli Peninsula itself a serious mass of 17-inch shells. Most practical soldiers doubted these alarmist reports at the time; now their doubts are confirmed. Else, why have not the 17-inch guns played their part in the destruction of our armies at Salonika?

Then there was the fretful fear of winter. It was a nightmare. I heard the most grotesque descriptions of a winter in the Eastern Mediterranean which even the German Bureau would

find it hard to improve upon. I tried to counter this general belief by describing a winter I had spent in these parts—a winter which might blow sand about, but also blew away inertia and disease. This, in fact, actually happened. Speaking to a naval commander, I was informed that after the November gale much of the general sickness had disappeared. Deaths which we used to fear, due almost only to the strange internal complaints, were now caused by the increased shelling consequent upon our evacuation of Suvla and Anzac, which permitted the Turks to concentrate at Helles.

In short, we believed all the bogies which the lying enemy circulated. We were bluffed right and left—and we ran away. It is doubtful whether the meaning of this amazing move was appreciated. Certainly its error is becoming more and more understood now. But at the time the full significance of the evacuation of Gallipoli was lost in the thunderous trumpeting which greeted the actual withdrawal of the British and French troops. This was accomplished with every credit to those concerned, but one is unable to refrain from the ironic reflection that some of those who held positions of command at Gallipoli were more successful in carrying out strategic retreats than in

straightforward advances. I do not include Sir Ian Hamilton in this category, as, admittedly, the landing at Gallipoli was one of the few examples of a successful offensive on a large scale shown by the war up to date. It is, as a fact, mere pretence to talk of the "glorious evacuation" of Gallipoli. To those who have followed the fortunes of this campaign from within and from without, the acclamations at the manner in which we are supposed to have bluffed the Turks sound a trifle mocking. It would probably be found to be the other way round; it is we who have permitted ourselves to be bluffed into exaggerating the fortunes of our enemy and the misfortunes of our own. We have been peculiarly consistent in this respect. Throughout the whole of this campaign we have been finding fault with ourselves and virtues in the Turk. We have played the part of the generous cavalier to the point of becoming maudlin. We exaggerated the amount of ammunition at his disposal. We applauded his very mediocre shooting, and sang his praises as a great sportsman to the Eastern skies. Had we not evacuated the Peninsula we were in imminent danger of falling on his neck and anointing him with crocodile tears. We had, indeed, begun to exchange trophies and com-

forts with him. He gave us cheap tobacco, and we gave him the concoction known as bully beef. We sent him fraternal notes, and he replied in bad French.

Now, this sort of coquetting is all very well when we are in an assured position of conquest; the victor who can afford to be generous is always a welcome spectacle in war. Unfortunately, such was not our position on the Peninsula, and these incidents, as I have said, serve to bring into focus the mental inertia which Sir Ian Hamilton mentioned in regard to the fiasco at Suvla Bay, but which, as I have also emphasised, characterised the whole of the operations in the Dardanelles. At Suvla it was, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief, a "fatal error," but it was physical rather than mental inertia. The other elements which helped to make that landing a failure were also present in the earlier operations. They were: want of conviction, thoroughness, and *will to win* on the part of a civilian War Council 1,500 miles away.

The question will always be asked, despite the muddling of the initial naval operations (undoubtedly the attack should have been of an amphibious character), despite the fact that we wasted weeks and weeks while the experts

assembled in council in England endeavoured to settle their differences, and despite even Suvla, should we have abandoned the whole enterprise? I say nothing of the tremendous sacrifices or of lost prestige, which, notwithstanding cynics, still counts for something in the eyes of the world, and most of all in the East. If a consensus of expert opinion were taken, I am doubtful if there would be a majority in an agreement with the complete evacuation. If a consensus of the opinion of all ranks of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force would be taken, I am quite certain the minority in favour of any evacuation would have been negligible. To have abandoned Anzac and Suvla may have been in the nature of a tragedy; but, even so, it was regarded not as a confession of failure to take the Peninsula, but of the temporary miscarriage of certain plans to carry out such an end. Some of the means failed, but the end remained the same. We consoled ourselves with the thought that all big schemes in war do not materialise. We stood a very sporting chance at Suvla, and lost. It was necessary there to strike a sharp and decisive blow. We all but succeeded, and few of us could have been anything but unprepared for the decision to evacuate our forces there

when it became known that a winter campaign was essential. The task of landing was comparatively an easy one, and the idea of withdrawing our forces during the cold months and refitting a stronger force when a better opportunity offered itself seemed to be well within the bounds of sensible military strategy. But it did not mean that we had thrown up the sponge altogether. It did not even infer that we had definitely abandoned Suvla as a key to our aims. As for Anzac, that wonderful position in the very vitals of the enemy, it must have given more than a pang to evacuate. The glorious heroism of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps was well worth our costly sojourn there, even though it proved futile. Who will say now, viewing all the circumstances of Anzac, that we should rather have blotted out that enterprise had we the opportunity? The accomplishments of our brave Colonials were far beyond the rosiest anticipation of their commanders. They did all that British soldiers could do, and the evacuation at that part of the Peninsula was quite a fitting climax consistent with the rest of a splendid chapter of British military history. We left while the Turks slept. It was a strategic move that took them there, and they

accomplished all by holding all the time very considerable forces of the enemy. The Turks always had to remain on the *qui vive*, particularly at Anzac, for they were well aware of the calibre of the Colonials and of the fatal consequence to the Turkish Empire should they succeed in advancing even a couple of miles.

Apart from the surprise which was generally manifested, the announcement of the withdrawal at these points was received with comparative calm. Mr. Asquith's remark that operations at other points of the line would be more effectively carried out helped to pacify and soothe. The only other points on the Peninsula were at the southern end, and it was assumed, therefore, that a concentration at Helles, where our positions were firmly secured, would keep the Turks fully occupied until such time as we would be ready to launch out afresh.

The final withdrawal from Gallipoli, therefore, came as a severe shock. As the *Standard* said, "to many others than the Turks the evacuation of Helles would be a surprise." To a greater number, no doubt, the complete withdrawal came in the nature of a relief; but surely that state can be little compared to the supreme feeling of thankfulness of the enemy, who by

this time was morally a defeated army. Those who saw the Turk before and after Suvla, as I did, can pay testimony to the amazing metamorphosis in him, physically as well as morally. If we had been united, if we had done a little more fighting rather than inquiring, we should have completed his discomfiture and driven him back the few miles that separated us from a tremendous victory. When General Monro was sent out in succession to Sir Ian Hamilton, many of us expected he would bring with him reinforcements, and saw in his arrival every cause for the revival of our hopes. And, curiously enough, the new Commander-in-Chief's arrival was followed by the announcement from German sources that a "new great offensive by the British" had begun in the Dardanelles. One cannot help indulging here in the might-have-been—for had that proved correct, had it been a fact that the big reinforcements which were waiting at Mudros and other islands had been used in a determined and well-planned offensive, the Union Jack could by now have been floating over the Sultan's palace at Stamboul. But we found later on that General Monro was sent out, not to fight, but to report—a favourite official method of overcoming difficulties. "When in doubt hold

a commission of inquiry" appears to be a favourite maxim of our civilian rulers.

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Gallipoli, then, was a tragic failure.

There is no reason for hopelessness in the withdrawal itself, but rather for the causes which resulted in that failure. As I have shown, it was not the Turk who defeated us, but the moral mutiny in our own camp—moral mutiny fanned originally by civilians, transmitted by them in grossly exaggerated form to the Mother Country, and there, for a last time, magnified, distorted, and at last acted upon by a civilian committee of the Cabinet.

The war is not yet over, and if we are to avoid more Gallipolis we must take full cognisance of the lessons the Peninsula has taught us.

* * * * *

Three other points, and I leave this part of the business. The first deals with the very gallant manner in which Sir Ian Hamilton made his adieu from the scene of his untiring and heart-breaking struggles.

When, on October 11th, 1915, Lord Kitchener cabled to Sir Ian asking for an estimate of the losses which would be involved

in an evacuation of the Peninsula, the Commander-in-Chief at once replied in terms showing that such a step to him was "unthinkable," and accordingly he was recalled. No one who experienced anything of the terrible hardships of the Peninsula campaign can help but express admiration for that last act. Sir Ian was acting up to the noblest British traditions in refusing to have anything to do with the evacuation. One only regrets, since he was prepared to relinquish his command in those circumstances, that he did not take up a similar attitude when on other important issues he did not see eye to eye with the authorities at home. If Whitehall was unable to concentrate on Gallipoli and failed to realise the importance of Sir Ian Hamilton's demands, it was then the time for him to state that to capture the Narrows in the position in which he was placed was "unthinkable." Public opinion would always support a general who, feeling that the forces under his command were inadequate to accomplish a certain task—and he should be the best judge of that—refused to throw away thousands of lives in a half-hearted and hopeless effort. Discretion still remains the better part of valour. Sir Ian, however, lived up to his South African reputation of fearlessness and unselfishness. From

first to last he played the rôle of a soldier and a gallant gentleman. We can say of him, as he has said of General Birdwood, "No mortal can command success . . . he had done all that mortal man can do to deserve it."

It has been stated by those who assume wisdom after the event that the whole purpose of the operations was pointless and unprofitable. This is not correct. Apart from the political importance and the express request of our great ally, Russia, we accomplished much of military importance. In attacking the Peninsula we were also defending the Russian front in the Caucasus and our own on the Suez Canal. Early in the New Year three Turkish Army Corps were completely defeated by the Russians in Asia Minor, and their all-powerful ally and task-master could do nothing to help them. Why was that? It was due to the little British Army that threatened the capital of the Turks by way of the Peninsula. Early in February the first Turkish attempt to invade Egypt failed ignominiously. That, too, was due to our threatening forces at the Dardanelles. The grand attack which the Turks promised the world after their first failure in Egypt was indefinitely postponed when the Anglo-French fleet, on February 19th, began

to bombard the outer forts of the Straits. While our force then was inadequate for the conquest of Constantinople, its presence on Gallipoli immobilised the flower of the Turkish Army, and kept it fully occupied until the evacuation. Egypt, in those circumstances, remained perfectly secure, and now we are ready for any emergencies in that direction. No one, at any rate, can claim even now that an attempt to take Constantinople should never have been made.

Another point refers to Suvla. Much has been made of the fact that the Commander-in-Chief remained on the island of Imbros while the great operations were proceeding, and that, therefore, he was out of touch with the situation as it developed. Well, it is quite clear that if Sir Ian Hamilton went to Suvla he could not have been at Anzac, and that if he had chosen to go to Anzac he could not have been at Helles. Imbros was forty minutes from Helles; forty minutes from Anzac, and fifty from Suvla. It was the centre of the cable system. And did the new Commander-in-Chief go to Anzac or Suvla personally to supervise the evacuation? Or, did he supervise that evacuation from Mudros, forty miles farther from either of those theatres of operations than Imbros?

That is one answer amongst many, and it seems pretty conclusive.

One strange point in connection with the announcement of the withdrawal from Cape Helles. Amazement has been often expressed at the almost uncanny manner in which the enemy gets to know of our plans. It is difficult to say where these leakages are. No one, for instance, has been able to tell us how General Monro's private and confidential report to the Cabinet should have become "common property," and how, fully a week before the evacuation of Cape Helles was announced, I was informed by a friend that the Cabinet had decided upon such a step. My informant, in the most matter-of-fact manner, mentioned the particular meeting at which this very grave decision was made, and said that orders for the withdrawal were sent out the same day. Why do we not have similar leakage in Germany? Because military men decide military matters at Berlin, whilst in London politicians confab.

CHAPTER V

MUDDLING MINOR MATTERS

I HAVE ventured to indicate that if we are to avoid more Gallipolis in the course of the present war, we would have to take heed of certain lessons and learn them well. Presumably the Headquarters Staff—who not always with reason have received more kicks than ha'pence—must be aware of many of these lessons, and will take cognisance of them for use in other, and let us hope more successful, spheres of operation.

But there are one or two lessons in particular which struck me as having been very badly learned—if they were at all noticed; and my object in emphasising them is to prevail upon the military authorities to take due notice of them.

I refer in the first place to the employment of men of doubtful nationality in the Intelligence and in other departments of the General Headquarters Staff. It seems to me that we are not sufficiently suspicious of those who make

application for these important posts. Ours is an easy-going nature. We are too tolerant of the impostor. We readily take everything for granted, and when it comes to examining the credentials of linguists who apply for positions in the Intelligence Department we give credit where suspicion is due. We have seen in the von Papen disclosures how persistent the Germans have been in thrusting their agents upon us in the guise of Government workers. There is, in effect, considerable danger in accepting outsiders for posts at General Headquarters. I do not presume to know the system which is prevalent in peace time in regard to the organisation of this department. Maybe we duly prepared a sufficiently large number of our own men for these positions in proportion to the needs of our small army. In that case it is sufficient that we must recognise that we have been handicapped in this respect, and that ways and means must be found at once to overcome this peril.

But I am not so sure that in peace time we gave sufficient thought to this urgent necessity. It is notorious that our Intelligence Department was in a state of strange stultification when war broke out. Insular as ever and independent of other peoples' languages, we have permitted

men with a mere smattering of foreign tongues to take their places in the Intelligence Department. Once again the accursed influence, which, let us hope, is being more and more dispensed with in this great crisis, was the primary qualification, while knowledge and intelligence were just secondary. Young men were pushed into these posts as a sinecure. The result was, when war broke out, we were called to accept the services of any adventurer with a fair command of foreign languages. How far our enemy spy department availed itself of such an astounding opportunity I leave the reader to judge. At any rate, I can vouch from my personal experience that considerable dissatisfaction and doubt existed amongst many of the Staff officers at the extraordinary equanimity with which the Intelligence Department at the Dardanelles treated this matter.

Those in superior positions were a very hard-working lot, and they were gentlemen; so they did their work and it never occurred to them to conceive and cherish a doubtful thought respecting any questionable person. It was Whitehall's affair and none of theirs! With this cherub-like feeling of trust it became hardly necessary to observe a stringent censorship.

They treated this form of imposition as if it were an invention to pass the time of day when things were very slow. Everybody and anybody could censor letters, and stamps for this purpose were very numerous. The need for this precaution never seems to have been emphasised. I know of one gallant officer who stamped a score or so empty envelopes before they were even addressed, and handed them to a person who made the request with the light remark: "I know it will be all right. You won't give anything away!"

Another gentleman, attached in some capacity or other to the Intelligence Department, used to correspond with somebody in Egypt in a foreign tongue, and very calmly handed letters to soldiers who were going back to that country. The loose system struck me so forcibly that I ventured at length to remonstrate with a Senior Staff Officer at General Headquarters. He viewed the matter very seriously, and sent for an officer, who, however, pointed out to him the tremendous difficulties of the system.

There is no doubt that Sir Ian Hamilton exercised considerable caution in regard to this point. So much so that he was the cause of alienating the sympathy of a certain gentle-

man who, forsooth, regarded his honour as having been impugned, and thereafter lost precious little opportunity in attacking every act, military and literary, of the Commander-in-Chief.

Yet, despite all the caution exercised by Sir Ian Hamilton, there is no doubt that considerable valuable information was conveyed to the enemy at very short notice. What with the leakages in the censorship system, the comparatively unfettered movement of the Intelligence Department members, and the presence of Greeks and Arabs in our midst, this was not a very difficult matter! I do not think I can over-state the case for the appointment only of tried and trusted men for the Intelligence Department Staff.

It will be averred that only men of the best reputation are entrusted with the more important branches of the Intelligence Department work. Maybe. Yet even subordinate members had every opportunity of knowing first-hand or obtaining second-hand the positions of our troops, the exact number of our reinforcements, and the new positions of our guns. Such a man would easily be able to convey this important information to a friend of his on one of the neighbouring islands, and through him submit

it to enemy sources. Not only that, but such was the general laxity that, despite rigorous orders to the contrary, anybody and everybody could take photographs—and some even cinematograph pictures—of any of our positions. Such photographs, through the same channels, could be forwarded to the Turks.

I have referred to the Englishman's scorn of modern languages, and the rather hazy qualifications in this connection possessed by the candidate in times of peace for a post in the Intelligence Department. It is purely a coincidence that this subject should have occurred to me so forcibly at a time when the Press was occupying itself with the question of the new Englishman. I venture no opinion here on the general principle. Regarding it purely from a military standpoint and from my own experiences, my answer is emphatic. The man with a knowledge of classical languages and an incomplete acquaintance with modern languages is a waster in war time. When one is witness of such a humiliating state of affairs where our best classical scholars had to deal with suspected people without being able to understand one word of their language, one reads with impatience the contention which is being repeated even now, that the classical

curriculum in our universities and schools should be continued as heretofore.

In the *Westminster Gazette* several correspondents waxed eloquent in support of this ridiculous plea. I can only say that if some of these stay-at-homes could have witnessed the discomfiture of these classical scholars on Imbros in questioning the suspicious Greek, they would very soon have realised the utter absurdity of this position. These men could quote anything from Herodotus to Homer. Their repertoire of the classics was as extensive as it was useless. They were very learned, but they looked utter idiots. One man who was able to make a Greek understand two words in a long harangue was jubilant and advertised it as a great triumph. Be sure that our fighters abroad retain no further illusions regarding the teaching of ancient languages in preference to the modern. So far as their progeny is concerned, they will have to learn all they can possibly learn of live languages before they consider an acquaintance with the dead might prove of some use.

It was difficult in these circumstances for our young men at the Dardanelles to impress the local inhabitants. Unable to convey their meaning by word of mouth, they were even

unable to instil respect and fear by their appearance. It may appear grotesque, but really there is much to be said for the fierce curl of the Kaiser moustache, rather than the two little blotches which adorn the young subalterns' upper lip.

So much for the censorship, the employment of men of doubtful nationality, and the wholesale taking of photographs. Let me give a further instance of short-sightedness. This was in the employment of amateur diplomats. One of these admirable young fellows told us, immediately on his arrival at the Dardanelles, that he was entrusted with a "very delicate and secret mission," the nature of which he was unable even to hint at. Nevertheless, he ventured to say, after a mental struggle of two minutes' duration, that "in a month at the latest we will all meet at ——" (naming an important centre). Next day everybody in camp knew what was in the air, and it kept in the air, for, perhaps owing to the leakage of details, the scheme never matured, and we were still at Imbros three months later.

Another instance of slackness was the inadequate control of the Arabs and Greeks, whether they belonged to the colony at Imbros, or were employed by us as labourers on the

Peninsula. A gentle system of frightfulness would have worked wonders. We used kid gloves for fear of soiling our hands on them. We threatened them (in English!), but the signalling on the coast to Asia went on undisturbed.

That, sooner or later, those in supreme command suspected that there was leakage somewhere or other in our system of intelligence no one can gainsay. Almost up to the Suvla Bay adventure most of our plans and preparations seemed to be known, very shortly after they were made, all over the Peninsula and the neighbouring islands. This may not have been due altogether to the presence or to the efforts of enemy agents. It was in no small measure due to the perpetual gossiping of men who should have known better. Some of them helped to make the messes at which they happened to be dining veritable schools for scandal. Vanity and presumption were responsible for this decrying of superior officers and the unconscious betrayal of our plans. It was very easy to follow the course of a "secret" piece of information from the time it was given out at Headquarters to the moment it reached the ever attentive ears of the spies who commingled among the Greek colony. The same human

weakness which is exhibited in many quarters in London, the same inquisitive yearning for information, the same impulsive curiosity and the confiding air of superiority was manifest in all ranks. "A," at General Headquarters, presumed to hint at what was being done to his colleague and friend "B," who was, of course, the "acme of discretion." "B," inflated with this privilege and having no reason to mistrust his other colleagues, also hinted. They hinted, somebody else hinted, and the Turks got the hint.

For the great coup at Suvla, however, Sir Ian Hamilton was taking no chances. I think he once boasted—and with every right to boast—that he alone knew where this new landing was going to take place. That there was going to be another landing was, of course, common property. That he had no means of withholding. But where, nobody, not even the Chief of Staff, it was said, knew until very late in the day. The inquisitive theorists at the mess, therefore, could only guess. They endeavoured to do their best to wring out the secret from someone somehow, and many a big cock crowed aloud of "definite information" of the landing. It did not take long before he whispered it in confidence to Dick, Tom and Harry.

Alas! the need for this extreme precaution proved as fatal as the lack of it on other occasions. Those in charge of the operations were so successful in withholding news of it that, when the day came, officers found themselves with little information as to what they were expected to do. The moral is obvious. If men could hold their tongues and permit important military secrets to be divulged to them without the fear of their spreading it wholesale, the details of that finely conceived piece of strategy would have been more fully worked out.

CHAPTER VI

BULAIR AND OTHER MYTHS EXPOSED

We move so quickly nowadays that epoch-making events are soon forgotten. Liége, Namur, Antwerp, Brussels, Warsaw, Przemysl, Ypres, the Marne, Tannenberg—all these soul-stirring chapters are long turned over, and now are remembered only by their headings. With them, however, a sequel is bound to be furnished, and thus the forgetful will be roused again to the full significance of their history.

The Dardanelles campaign belongs to another category. There are those who believe that the war must still be decided in the East, and, indeed, this body of expert opinion seems to grow. Yet to the average man the Dardanelles affair is dead and done for! That this is a short-sighted view will soon come home to him. The glory of Gallipoli will be revived, as all great British campaigns have been. The most romantic, the most dramatic story of the war will be read and re-read with reasonable pride and justifiable emotion. And round the

evacuation will rage a controversy which will live for ever in British military history.

Posterity, at least, must not be permitted to feed on the grossly distorted version of events which has been served out to the public from the beginning to the end of the operations.

Even around the masterly evacuation the malicious gossips were busy. The success in removing our men with so few losses was due, forsooth, to our having bribed the Turks! A story, which is believed to have begun in a bad joke, has even been circulated to the effect that the Turks helped to pack up the baggage of our troops and saw them off at Helles. To the credulous all the credit which the impartial world has heaped upon those who were responsible for the evacuation should rather be given to those who really "bought the Turks"!

Upon this and several other preposterous points I have, during the past months, made first-hand inquiries from the highest sources (by which I mean from my friends made during the campaign, who are still serving with the M.E.F.), and I am tolerably confident of my facts. To dismiss this last point first, let it be said that there are not the flimsiest grounds for the assertion of bribery. In the case of Suvla we succeeded to a great extent in just

hoodwinking the Turks. For the rest, and in the case of Cape Helles, the reason why we were able to leave the Peninsula with such small losses is that the Turks were simply "played out." The perpetual strain to which Sir Ian Hamilton's forces had subjected them all the summer months had told their tale, and the finishing touch was severely administered by the bad weather. I have the best reason now for stating definitely that when we decided to evacuate the Peninsula the Turks were in a state of extreme demoralisation. It was estimated by men in high command that with a couple of divisions General Birdwood could have taken the Chanak Bair heights with ease.

Many letters from old Dardanellers in Egypt wholeheartedly endorse this view. "Everybody is beginning to say what a pity it is we are not in the Peninsula now." And why? Well, the news has now become common property in Egypt that our troops on Gallipoli were holding up no fewer than twenty-one Turkish divisions. This great Ottoman army was immobilised against us when they were sadly in need of the troops in Mesopotamia and in the Caucasus. We held two fronts. We assisted the Russians —who were being pressed (and who would now

be running the Turks off their legs if we had remained)—and we kept a close eye upon Egypt. Not that there was any immediate danger in evidence on the latter front. As I have already said, we permitted ourselves to be hoodwinked by the Germans and their crafty ally, Enver Pasha, into accepting the stories they so sedulously spread, that an attack on a grand scale was about to be launched on the land of the Nile.

"A great German-Turkish force of 300,000 threatens Egypt," ran the tale; and upon this the Government looked askance and said that they had no other source to draw our soldiers from but the Gallipoli Peninsula!

The Government's conclusion was logical enough, but its premises were wrong. Neither the Germans nor the Turks could spare a sufficient number of men, or had sufficient time or material wherewith to organise an attack upon Egypt on so grand a scale. So long as we were threatening the old Byzantine capital, so long could we be assured that the bulk of Turkey's available forces would be held in readiness against us.

It is, as I have said over and over again, a thousand pities that Sir Ian Hamilton and the Government permitted the country to be flooded

with a soured story of what was happening. I am more than ever convinced that our decision to evacuate can be directly traced to the little clique of pernicious gossipers who crabbed all our efforts from the start. In the end the chief of this coterie was bundled home. What I am unable to understand is why the Commander-in-Chief tolerated him for so long. Whilst the Government let Mr. Bartlett give free rein to his pessimistic criticisms, *Truth* stepped into the breach and struck a blow against both pessimism and misrepresentation. The paragraphs are worth quoting in full:

"Not content with letting himself go pretty freely in this country, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has made a vicious attack on Sir Ian Hamilton in an interview with a New York journalist, which was printed the other day by a London contemporary. For the most part the attack consists of matters of opinion, and, not being a strategist myself, I am unable to say whether Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's opinion on military operations is worth more than Sir Ian Hamilton's. But in one instance the critic commits himself to what purports to be a statement of fact, in which he can be judged without any expert knowledge. He says:—

> "Sir Ian Hamilton stands condemned out of his own mouth. He states that in the middle of August the Turks had 110,000 bayonets,

and that we had 95,000. He then claims that if Lord Kitchener had sent 50,000 more men he would have brought the campaign to a successful conclusion. . . . I never heard of any General in modern warfare with such a crazy view that it would be possible to attack successfully 110,000 men in the most formidable positions that nature and mankind could devise with a numerical superiority of 35,000 bayonets. . . . "

" Sir Ian Hamilton's words in his despatch were :—

" At that time (August 16th) my British divisions alone were 45,000 under establishment. . . . Our most vital need was the replenishment of these sadly depleted ranks. *When that was done I wanted* 50,000 *fresh rifles.*"

" The General, therefore, asked Lord Kitchener, not for 50,000 more men, but for 95,000—45,000 to make losses good, and 50,000 additional ; and the numerical superiority which this would have given him was, not 35,000, but 70,000. It is consequently Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, not Sir Ian Hamilton, who is condemned out of his own mouth—condemned of grossly misrepresenting the General, dubbing him ' crazy ' on the strength of this misrepresentation, and supplying the result for consumption in the United States, where there is very little chance of the misrepresentation being detected by reference to the text of the despatch. Probably

the misrepresentation is due to pure carelessness; but it is the carelessness of a man actuated by such strong malice that he does not take the trouble to make sure of his own ground. The opinions of a man in this state of mind are worth even less than his facts."

"War correspondents and those whom they serve, including the public, have no cause to bless Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. He was allowed at the Dardanelles greater privileges than have been allowed to pressmen in any other theatre of war up to the present time. In the end he was sent home by the General. He seems to have been since engaged in what is called 'getting his own back,' although, as a matter of fact, he enjoyed his privileges long enough to gain great personal profit and kudos, and is still reaping the harvest. But his performances at Sir Ian Hamilton's expense are not likely to encourage our generals to give increased liberty to press correspondents. I have even heard it seriously suggested in military circles that these afflicted scribes ought to be censored after they have come home as strictly as they are at the front."

There is, of course, considerably more of Mr. Bartlett's impulsive statement which can be contradicted. For instance, he is reported to have said that the Anzac force never reached its objective. "A few Ghurkas actually reached the summit of Chanak Bair." As a matter of

fact, no Ghurkas ever touched or were expected to "reach" Chanak Bair. As usual, in his great haste to condemn others, Mr. Bartlett has muddled matters. The New Zealand and the New Army troops reached and maintained Chanak Bair for forty-eight hours, having fought ceaselessly for three days before they were relieved by two battalions of the 13th Division—the 6th Loyal North Lancashires and the 5th Wiltshires.

The part played by the valiant Ghurkas cannot be dismissed so contemptuously either! Under the leadership of Major Allanson, the 6th Ghurkas of the 29th Indian Infantry rushed the slopes of Sair Bair, "crowned the heights of the Cal between Chanak Bair and Hill Q, viewed far beneath them the waters of the Hellespont, viewed the Asiatic shores along which motor transport was bringing supplies to the lighters. Not only did this battalion, as well as some of the 6th South Lancashire Regiment, reach the crest, but they began to attack down the far side of it, firing as they went at the fast retreating enemy."

If Mr. Bartlett had only taken the trouble to read Sir Ian's report before criticising it, he would not have permitted his prejudice to blind him to the facts.

There is no need now to go into the catalogue of his inaccuracies. It is a thousand pities that the mischief he created was not nipped in the bud. Instead, the whole world was fed with his misstatements. He spread the belief, for instance, that the golden road to success at the Dardanelles was across the neck at Bulair. This theory is now held by a number of other "experts," who blow entrenchments and fortifications away by a deep breath of hot air. Strangely enough, none of the men in high command with whom I have spoken appear to take this view seriously. The objections were manifold. In the first place it must be remembered that no one yet knows what were the instructions issued by the British Government to their military commander. But there is a belief so prevalent as to be almost universal that his first objective was the Narrows. He was to capture the forts and open up a way for our battleships. That was to be his first and foremost move. But, even if Sir Ian had a roving commission to attack wherever he liked, I am doubtful, in view of the numerous opinions I have heard expressed, whether he would or could have launched an attack at Bulair.

For what was the position? That must have

been known to the Commander-in-Chief rather than to those who talk so airily about the difficulties, for the reason that he was there! He and his Staff made close reconnaissances of the whole coast. We know more or less from the Navy that he saw entanglements and trenches surrounding Bulair, and on a scale which flabbergasted those who accompanied him. The beach at the Ibrije was bad, and Enos (where the amateur critics expected a landing) was a very great distance away. Had we decided to make this landing at Bulair, the Turks would have had ample time to hurry up considerable forces from Thrace, which was in the background.

These difficulties so far only referred to the military force. So far as the Navy was concerned, an insuperable difficulty was manifest. There was no harbour. The Gulf of Enos, the only place that immediately offered itself, is about six feet deep! In the event of a storm, transports and lighters would be at the mercy of the elements.

It was an objection which in itself would be sufficient to dispose of an attempt in this quarter. The fortifications, it was believed, could have easily been accounted for by our ships, but the scientifically constructed

trenches constituted an item which any far-seeing commander would have to take into account.

Apart from the submarine dangers, there were other difficulties from a naval standpoint which were incalculable. In the opinion of Admiral de Robeck these difficulties were "well-nigh insurmountable." The transports and covering ships would have been an excellent target for attack. Finally, we ran the grave danger of being outflanked. On the Peninsula we ran no such risk. Our right wing was protected by the sea, while the left was under the care of our warships. There was thus little hope for the Turks of turning our flank. On the other hand, Bulair gave no such security. Apart from being well fortified, it opened up the possibility of a Turkish attack from Asia or from Thrace. There was, in fact, considerable fear of any force that was able to land and advance being surrounded and cut off. Therefore, the counsel which gave no orders for an offensive at the Bulair lines was wise. After all, the straddling of the neck of the Peninsula would not have opened the Narrows to our fleet. The supplies and munitions for the Turks came mainly across the Narrows from Asia. A Bulair landing was, as Sir Ian Hamilton

reported, "a better scheme on paper than on the spot."

The only adverse criticism of my articles in the Reviews—which appeared to receive wide and, let me acknowledge, very generous treatment—was made in general terms. "Look at the casualty lists. Look at Suvla," they say. Well, I had looked and have looked again. Without a due appreciation of the gloomy side of the Dardanelles, a sane and level-headed criticism would be impossible. What I have to complain of in regard not only to my critics, but to the detractors of the whole campaign, is that they looked only in the direction of gloom. They saw sordidness where glory really was. They cried despair when we had received a temporary set-back. I have often asked myself in this connection what we should have done on the Eastern and Western fronts if a similar spirit had been displayed. Would the Russians have capitulated after Tannenberg, or the Belgians after Brussels, and France and England after Mons? Thank Heaven, the cries of the crabbers and the pleading of the pessimists, although they did their worst there too, did not achieve their worst. The Allied troops fought down all discouragement. They outlived the set-backs in the earlier part of the war; they

looked upon the ever-increasing casualty lists and their defeats, and kept their hearts stout.

When the Dardanelles campaign comes to be judged in its proper perspective, the evacuation will be adjudged as a pitiful error—a heart-breaking climax to a campaign in which the military conception of its leaders and the sterling bravery of the men furnish an epic for all time—for just when we had broken the *moral* of a brave enemy we caved in first. And not the least of all those incidents which make the Dardanelles campaign the most splendid of this world-war will be that when an iron-hearted leader, after months of a weary heart-breaking struggle, replied, when evacuation was mooted, that it was "unthinkable" and that he would have nothing to do with it.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRESS AND PESSIMISM

WHATEVER blame I lay upon the chicken-hearted for the failure at the Dardanelles, it is right to admit that prior to the failure of March 18th there was little of which to complain in this regard. It was only after this reverse that the crabbers mobilised and did their worst. It was soon evident that the lead given by this small coterie resulted in widespread gloom everywhere.

If nothing is so contagious as pessimism, nothing is so lasting. But it is pretty clear that those who were permitted to influence public opinion had been inspired more by prejudice than by actual data in basing their extraordinary charges. So much did these military and political exponents know about the actual state of things that they were ready to believe the summer canard that we had captured Constantinople. It was, as a truth, a not unlikely dénouement in spite of the nibbling that was still going on at the toe of the Penin-

sula. As it had been rightly said, we were within a few miles of decisive victory. At Suvla we were within an ace of this tremendous achievement.

But again we lost heart. Those who eagerly seized upon the loss of three old battleships as an opportunity for striking gloom into the soul of the nation completed their shameful task with the new landings. In addition, a part of the Press lent its support to the discreditable mud-slinging.

Indeed, one of the most remarkable facts in connection with this war in the East was the patience with which the Government tolerated public examination of the strategy of a campaign which was in the course of development. It was as surprising as its attitude towards publicists who misstated and distorted their every action. Why did not the Government move?

The head of the Carmelite House Press, Lord Northcliffe, himself supplied the answer to this puzzling nonchalance. In a letter read to members of the '95 Club by the President of the National Union of Journalists he wrote :

> "*The basic fact of the whole situation is that our rulers do not understand the meaning of publicity.*" . . .

This is perfectly true. In times of peace, just as now, Government has altogether underrated, if it has troubled to rate at all, the tremendous power of the Press for good or evil. As a subsidiary diplomatic medium it has been completely ignored. Anyone with a first-hand knowledge of the Near East will need no convincing on this point. Lord Northcliffe's complaint as to the lack of co-operation between Government and Press is well founded, and his contention that our rulers do not appreciate the far-reaching effects of depressing publicity could not be better illustrated than by the fact that he has been allowed to express his anti-Government convictions in defiance of outraged Ministers. The Dardanelles especially affords a case against the Government for this lack of understanding.

It permitted, in a wholesale fashion, this "unauthorised criticism," as Australia nobly termed it, and it went out of its way to encourage it.

It put into the hands of one man the huge responsibility of feeding the entire Press of these islands. Taking the narrower outlook, the question of convenience, it overlooked the broad issue of the public's point of view, which is shaped not nearly so much from official

reports as from a well-written account by a war correspondent.

It did not take the human element into account, that each correspondent has prejudices, pride, a preconceived theory, and sometimes a liver! So that, while the report of a number of correspondents would have served to correct any one particular tendency, we had the spectacle of the whole of the entire nation—the whole world, in fact—being fed from the same source.

In this instance it happened to be a pessimistic source. Mr. Tennant, in the House of Commons, referred to it as a "not always very reliable source of information." The Under-Secretary said this in parentheses, but it is, in fact, a sufficient indictment of the uncertainty or light-heartedness with which the Government has been in the habit of dealing with the Press.

The very tardy appointment of three other correspondents, including myself, was another proof of this lackadaisical attitude—I believe it was only after I had threatened to refer the matter to Mr. Asquith that some two months of vacillation ended in decisive action.

I am a great believer in the absolute power of the Press, in times of peace, and so con-

scious am I of its importance that I look more anxiously at our divided forces in Fleet Street than at the combined forces of our enemies abroad.

The men who are out to "run the war" off their own bat do so for a number of reasons, social, personal, political, financial, foolish!

The social influence is, alas! always with us. Back-stairs are only found in large houses. The simple and poor have only one staircase, which is open to the world.

The personal grievance is a great factor. Just as women make and break nations and kings, so do strong men break themselves and those they love best by childish jealousies and absurd differences. These we cannot mend.

The political reason is the most shameful of all. These men, as inured to the party system as they be, must see that discord among themselves must let the enemy in. Their attitude is quite as selfish and dangerous as that of the financier. In both cases it is a question of gain —personal gain at the expense of the country. England can be beaten, but only by her own self.

Health plays another part. Soldiers are invariably optimistic because they are trained, and are in good health. Some, when broken

down, fail in their original faith. Only in nerve cases, however. (At the Dardanelles the loss of vital energy throughout our force was owing to the reason of stomach disorders. The greatest hero feels a little less heroic when he has been up half the night.) The men who are just wounded and are not broken down in health are no pessimists. I am convinced of it. The exceptions you find are those who have been polluted by funky civilians. I spent about two months with wounded officers and men, and I know what I am talking about.

* * * * *

The soldier-politician is a dangerous creation of the civilian. He does not exist outside England. In the trenches Tommy does not usurp the position of the Prime Minister or the Secretary of State for War. His attitude towards the fit civilian at home is far more generous than is generally supposed. He grumbles, be sure, for it is his privilege. But the limit of his unhappiness is confined to the late delivery of his letters, missing parcels, and the quantity of his rum. The fact is, Tommy is content to do his own job, and finds little time to do the task which belongs to others as well. He does not tell you how to run the war, and how we ought to have bought

or brought Bulgaria on our side. He does not hang generals for mistakes, for his is a broad perspective, and he knows that if you replace one general the new man will sooner or later make the inevitable error. From my somewhat varied experiences of mankind during the great war, Tommy stands out strikingly as the best human element. He is "a white man," and, above all, he is infinitely charitable and the last man in the world to grumble at his leaders. His whole outlook in the war he is helping to wage is formed conclusively by those who are sitting comfortably at home. His mind being an open one, he is always too ready to receive impressions that you care to give him—hopeful, hopeless, fair or distorted. The only soldiers I met with decided views of their own were, as I have said, pantomime soldiers, men with neither military training nor military experience. They were unable to throw off the old spirit of nag. They came out self-opinionated with the limelight of publicity, and found it difficult to conform to new and more modest conditions. It is a very dangerous experiment, this creation of talkative civilians into talkative soldiers, and if the strong Commission of Inquiry which has been appointed can suggest ways and means of dealing with this great evil, their work will not

have been in vain. There is much to learn from the Dardanelles campaign, and if some use can be made of the points I have raised, honestly and without bias, in this book, which I now bring to a close, my labour of the past year will have been amply repaid.

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